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EDITORS:

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UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.

"YES, Burton," he said, after they had sat a while in silence, "it's the same old place—nothing changed in all these years." Curtis paused for an instant, while his eyes glanced quickly over the rows of headstones by the side of the church in the valley. A short time before the two men had come down the mountain road to the crumbling church at its foot, whose ivy-covered walls gave to it an appearance of freshness and greenness despite its many years. They had stopped at the brook where it bubbled and foamed between its grassy banks close by the old church wall; and then, perhaps because of the inviting shade, perhaps because of the picturesqueness of the place, they had sat down on the steps to rest. The steps were of stone, worn in hollows by the tread of many feet; for the old church had seen the coming and the going of generations of men in the many years that were gone, and the rows of modest headstones by the door were quietly falling to pieces through age.

"There!" said Curtis at last. "There it is—the one I came to find—the newest one, close by the wall. Do you see?"

"Yes," replied Burton. "Whose is it? A woman's, by the name carved upon it; but is that all?"

"No," said Curtis, that is not all. There's a story connected with it—a long story and a rather strange one. But of course it would not interest you, for you never knew—her;" and he pointed again at the headstone by the side of the old church wall.

"I'd like to hear it, anyway," said Burton. "What is it?"

"Well," answered Curtis, "before I begin let me ask you a question. Do you believe in heredity?"

"Not to any great extent. Do you?"

"Yes; ever since—but never mind that now," he said quickly. "Tell me, honestly, do you believe in it?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because," replied Curtis, meditatively, "if you don't believe in it, you won't see the point of the story."

"Just what do you mean by 'heredity'?" asked Burton. "I would like to know. You are not one of those people, I hope, who think that circumstances and environment play no part in building a man's or woman's character; who believe that man is what he is at birth and nothing can change the inevitable course of his life from that time on—do you believe that? Why, it's absurd on the face of it, and you know it."

"You are putting it rather strongly," said Curtis, quietly. "Of course I don't believe all that. But perhaps I am not so far wrong, after all, when I put my faith in the law of heredity." Then, after a pause, during which he thoughtfully puffed his cigar, he added: "Well, I'll tell you the story; perhaps you will see what I mean."

"Possibly," said Burton, doubtfully. "At least I'm ready to listen."

And this is the story:

I knew a young fellow once, began Curtis; we'll call him Barclay. That's not his real name, but—but we'll call him

Barclay. He was engaged at the time to the daughter of old Doctor Hubbard, of whom you have probably heard. You know, the doctor had a country house near the village over the hill, and years ago he used to spend most of his summers here with his family. But the particular summer of which I speak, the family spent abroad, while the doctor was left alone in the city with no one but himself for company and now and then a visit from his future son-in-law. Those were pleasant evenings which the two men spent together, and I am sure the doctor came to know more of the young man in those little visits than he had ever learned before. An intimacy sprang up between them such as you seldom see between men whose ages differ so widely. It was on the tenth of September, I think, that Barclay dined at the doctor's house, as he had done many times before. They had finished dinner and were sitting alone over their cigars, when the doctor glancing across the table, asked suddenly and with a suspicion of anxiety in his voice:

"Do you believe in heredity, Fred?"

"In heredity? No."

"Oh, yes you do—you must," said the doctor. "Everybody believes in it these days, or at least most people do. Why, Fred," he said irritably, "don't you know that—" Then he broke off with a gesture of impatience and relapsed into a gloomy silence. Barclay looked up in a surprised sort of way. The doctor had said a great many queer things that evening—so many, in fact, that the young man began to fear that he was suffering from some great mental distress which he was unwilling to reveal. In all the time he had known the doctor, he had never seen this side of his nature; and so he waited anxiously to learn what it all meant. After a very long pause the doctor turned upon the young man, and in a tone which was almost fierce, said:

"Does it worry you much, Fred?"

"Does what worry me?"

"That the ship has not arrived."

"Do you mean the one Helen and the rest are on?" Barclay asked quickly.

"Yes; you know it hasn't been sighted yet, and—and it should have been here a week ago."

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "is that so? I didn't know she was coming home so soon. The last letter I got said they wouldn't be home till the 25th." He paused for a moment and his foot tapped the floor nervously. "And you thought you wouldn't worry me by telling me the ship was so long overdue—is that it?" Then with an effort to appear hopeful, he inquired: "Have you seen to-night's paper? Perhaps she has been sighted off Sandy Hook before this; let me see." And he picked up the evening's paper and glanced rapidly down the "Marine Intelligence" column. But he could find nothing. "I guess, doctor," he began, looking up from the paper, as a new idea struck him—"I guess we had better—"

He stopped suddenly. The doctor had risen and was standing by the mantel with his back to the young man, while now and then his massive frame trembled with agitation. Barclay went up to him and laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

"Look here, doctor," he said "don't you worry. It will be all right soon. They've probably had some trouble with the machinery or something, and—and anyway, you know how often the ships are delayed. They always turn up all right in the end. Come, sit down, won't you?"

The doctor roused himself with an effort, and turning toward the young man with a wild, unnatural gleam in his eyes and his face pale with the burden upon his mind, said sharply—more sharply than Barclay ever remembered him to have spoken before:

"Sit down, Fred; I want to tell you something. Yes; I want to tell you something, boy." And he began to pace the room restlessly. "You think I'm worried, do you? Well, I am—I am. But that's not what I'm going to talk to you about—no! I'm an old man, Fred, and a physician, and I know enough about myself to see that I can't last long after this shock. You won't believe me, will you? Well, you needn't; but I can tell you it's no little thing to me—this anxiety and suspense; it's more than I can stand. My mind is failing—and quickly, too;

for I know the symptoms. Yes, yes;" he exclaimed, beating his head with his hands, while his eyes gleamed the more strangely because of his pale and haggard face: "Yes, yes; I must follow the others—my father and grandfather and all the rest of them. I knew it would come sooner or later." He paused an instant. "But perhaps you don't understand?" he inquired eagerly. "No, of course you don't; I've never told anyone—least of all, *you*; but I'll tell you now—yes, I'll tell you now. It's this, Fred: there's a streak of insanity in my family—my father died crazy and so did his father; and so must I and all my children after me. Oh! you start, do you? You fear that Helen must go crazy too—is that it? Well, she will—she will—like all the rest of us. But don't you worry; she doesn't know it; I've never told her, and you must not either. Do you hear?" he cried sharply, "you *must* not tell her; it would make her life unhappy, Fred; and her life must not be unhappy when she is your wife after I am gone; and—well, I'll be gone soon enough; for I know the symptoms—it has been too hard to bear. Yes, yes, I know—you will not tell her—you must not tell her—you will be good to her, Fred—"

* * * * *

It was with a strange, unnatural feeling that Barclay returned home that night. The roar of the streets seemed far away from him and the ceaseless ebb and flow of human beings, as they passed, appeared to his wild fancy like phantom shadows in the night. He reached his boarding-house and went straight to his room. All had come so suddenly upon him. He must have time to think, to decide. He threw himself heavily upon the bed, with his head buried in his arms, and lay there while the hours dragged slowly along. At length he roused himself and began to nervously pace the floor. Some of his old self seemed to return as he walked.

"And so he's been deceiving me all the time," he muttered, shaking his fist. "I suppose I would never have known that there was insanity in the family if he hadn't gone crazy himself before my eyes. And he thinks I'll marry his daughter when I know that, sooner or later, she must die insane. Well, I won't

do it—that's all. I'll—" Then suddenly the angry words died on his lips, and he gave a half convulsive sob. "I didn't know I was so weak," he said, with a dreary smile. Then his face brightened. "Why, perhaps it was all a lie—yes, all a lie. He just did it to frighten me. I'll go around now," he said, and he took a hasty step towards the door. Then he paused. Again he saw the old man and heard his half muttered, senseless words. No; it was all too true—he had seen it with his own eyes. "Poor Helen!" he said. "And is the curse, too, upon you? And must it go on forever?" He was silent, and with bowed head he sat while the minutes went by. Only in his face could the trace of the terrible conflict be seen. "Poor Helen!" he said again. "She don't know, and why should she? It would only make her unhappy, as the doctor said. And I'll never tell her—I haven't the courage. She won't understand why I've broken the engagement. But it can't be helped now." Then he relapsed into silence, and the stillness of the room was only broken by the measured tread of his feet upon the floor.

Suddenly he raised his head. "A bachelor's life isn't so bad after all," he said, more hopefully. But there was a little tremor in his voice. "Now, there's Ik Marvel in the 'Reveries,' for one; he found it pleasant enough. And why shouldn't I? It's been satisfactory so far. And there's less worry about it, and less expense, too. And there's Jack. He's been married just three years—always round at the club wearing a melancholy smile, and trying to make you believe he's better off than he used to be. Then there's Davis and Miller and Foote, and all the rest. Why, they're nothing like what they used to be—always worrying about something, and insisting upon telling you about their two-year-old youngsters until you feel like killing them. Yes, yes," he mused, trying hard to smile; "it's a great thing being a bachelor. Queer, I never looked at it in this light before; but it only shows how a fellow can be philosophical when he tries."

It was strange that after such re-assuring thoughts, his head sank wearily into his hands as he sat down by the open window, and his freshly-lighted cigarette dropped dead at his side. A cool night wind was blowing in from the sea, and it seemed to

calm his troubled spirit with a magic touch. The roar of the city by night was wafted up to him like a confused murmur, growing less and less distinct as the hours went by. It was not until the noise had ceased altogether, except for the occasional rattle of a belated carriage, that he arose from his seat at the window and went to bed.

He could sleep but little. As the hours dragged slowly along he could hear the bell in the church on the corner as it solemnly tolled through the night; and now and then he awoke with a start as a noise in the street was borne up to him through the open window. He arose early, tired and cross, and dressing slowly, went out for a walk—why, he hardly knew. It seemed to him that he had not been up so early for a great many years, and he wondered in a half-dazed sort of way whether the plain looking women he saw about him, who hurried so anxiously along with market baskets on their arms, felt as out of place at that hour as he did.

For a long time he wandered aimlessly about the streets. He came to a stop at Forty-second street and stood for a moment irresolutely by the news stand as the man in charge slowly opened the bundle of papers which had been left there by the delivery wagon which Barclay had just seen madly clattering down the avenue. He bought the paper and hurried away without waiting for his change. At the end of the block he sat down on the steps of one of the houses and began to eagerly glance through the paper. It was too early for any one to see him do this; it was decidedly bad form, he thought. Suddenly he jumped up excitedly, and with a half-suppressed cry started down the avenue at a rapid pace.

"Hello, Fred!" called a familiar voice behind him. "What are you doing up at this hour, and what's your hurry?"

He turned quickly and saw a well-known figure coming deliberately down the steps of the club.

"Oh, yes—er—how do you do? Fine morning, don't you think?" Then he laughed foolishly. "I say, Harris," he added, "is the club open this early?"

"Why, yes, of course. Going in?"

"I believe I will. Good morning." And with that he darted through the door.

"Well!" muttered Harris to himself; and with a dismal shake of his head he turned and went up the avenue.

The club was deserted save here and there an attendant or two, who paid no attention to Barclay as he passed them in the hall. He went straight to the writing room and sat down before the table, and in an abstract sort of way began to scribble on a piece of paper. He tore up several of them with an angry growl before he wrote a letter to his satisfaction, and when he had finished it he leaned back wearily in his chair and read it over and over again before he was convinced that he had done the proper thing.

"That will have to do," he said at last. "She will get it to-day when she comes up from the steamer—that is if the newspaper was correct when it said the ship had been sighted early this morning. I don't suppose she'll understand exactly," he mused, gazing vacantly at the ceiling. "But I'm not to blame; it's the fault of the old man—confound him! Why didn't he tell me about that? How was I to know there was insanity in the family? He says she'll die according to the law of heredity, and I didn't believe in the law of heredity. But I do now," he said fiercely. "This is the only way out of it." And with an exclamation of disgust he arose and hurriedly left the club.

The morning sunlight glinted across the swelling surface of the lower bay, as the *Britannic* steamed slowly past the forts which guarded the Narrows. Already the river and harbor were alive with small craft of every description, hurrying busily hither and thither, and now and then the shrill scream of a tug or the hoarse whistle of a larger vessel sounded across the water. A week overdue, on account of a shaft broken in midocean, the *Britannic* had laboriously made its way, with the aid of a tug, past the Upper Quarantine and the old fort on Governor's Island, and was now nearing its dock. The passengers crowded the decks, anxious to catch the first glimpse of the land they had despaired of ever seeing again. Away up forward, leaning on the rail, stood a young girl. Her hand was raised to shade her eyes from the sun, and the sea breeze blew her hair about her

face in wild confusion. She strained every nerve to recognize in the black crowd which swarmed upon the wharf the one she hoped to see.

"He is waiting for me," she said to her mother, who stood by her side. "I know he is; he told me so in his last letter. Can you see him?"

"No, Helen. It's too far off. Wait until we come up to the dock."

"But they are so slow," she said fretfully. "Why don't they hurry?"

The ship kept steadily on. At last it was moored to its dock. The passengers crowded the gang-plank, and the eager questioning and merry laughter on all sides were drowned by the rattle of trucks and carriages. Some time later two women stood where the custom-house officers were busily ransacking their trunks.

"Name, please?" said the official.

"Hubbard," replied the elder woman. "Mrs. and Miss Hubbard. Mr. Barclay will see about the trunks. He should have been here now."

"Yes," added the younger, in a disappointed tone. "But he isn't. Perhaps when we get home we'll find a note from him. So, come, mother; let us go."

Curtis stopped speaking, without giving any sign of continuing the story. For a few minutes the two men sat in silence. Far off in the forest the dismal wail of an owl was borne on the summer breeze, and already the shadow of the mountain had fallen on the valley and darkened the waters of the brook as it dashed on its way through the meadow and past the grave by its side.

"Well," said Burton at last. "Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough?" asked Curtis.

"She received the note, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And he never married her?" asked Burton.

"No; nor any other woman," Curtis replied slowly.

"What became of the girl, then?"

Curtis said nothing; he simply pointed to the headstone close by the old church wall.

"Ah, I see," said Burton, "She died insane—'according to the law of heredity.'" Then, after a pause, "Perhaps you were right after all when you said you put great faith in that law. But, tell me, did the girl marry someone else?"

"No; she never married. The family moved away from New York after the doctor's death and came up here to live—in the village over the hill. You can imagine how she felt when she returned on the steamer that day and found that Barclay had broken the engagement without a word of explanation. Of course he couldn't explain his reasons to her, because he was unwilling to repeat what her father had said about the hereditary insanity in her family. He hadn't the heart to tell her, for he knew it would only make things worse. You see, she thought her father died from a stroke of paralysis, and nothing more. Barclay never told her the truth of the matter."

"And I think he was right," said Burton.

"Yes; he was right. But come; we must go, for it is late."

"One thing more, Curtis, before we go. You said that 'Barclay' was not the young man's *real* name."

"No; it was not his real name."

They turned away in silence and went up the hill toward the village.

They stopped when they reached the turn in the road and gazed back at the church-yard with its rows of modest headstones, like spectral shadows in the night. For a moment neither of them spoke. Then Curtis broke the silence. "Don't you think," said he, "that a man is—is justified in deserting a girl under such circumstances?"

Burton had almost forgotten the story in watching the deepening shadows in the valley. "Oh, I don't know," he mused. "Would you have done it yourself?"

"Yes;" said Curtis, "I decided that question the morning I wrote the note."

Andrew Clerk Imbrie.

THE RIVER.

OF the winding river of steaming mist,
That threads the blue hills through,
My fancy makes whate'er it list—
Weird pictures of every hue.

If light of heart and calm in mind
The hills I travel o'er,
If sunny skies and odorous wind
Are telling their sweet lore,
The mystic river winds for me
Among Elysian hills
And drains their golden-mantled steep
With gentle, silvery rills.

But if with sombre mind I rise
From weary, wretched dreams,
Or if the threats of sullen skies
Are hanging o'er the streams,
The mist that caps the darksome hills
And mingles with the clouds,
A gloomy, seething stream betrays,
A Phlegethon o'ershronda.

Or if when even's breezes rise
At daylight's sunset close,
When all the world in shadow lies
Enwrapt for the night's repose,
Upon the river's bank I dream
And hear the waterfall,
The timid lapse of mountain stream,
The insect's drowsy call—

Oblivious are the river's waves,
Lethan is their sound,
Forgetfulness the banks they lave,
Mysterious shades surround.
My soul, like fabled Lethe then,
Her chief content doth know
Among fantastic shades to glide—
In creeping sadness flow.

O Stream, how art thou like to me!
In Nature's ebb and flow
We beat in mystic sympathy,
In measures fast or slow.
Many-voiced are the waves that feed
Our ever-changing course.
Who shall declare their hidden end
Or who their searchless source?

Wilbur M. Urban.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.

BOON HIN'S floating-house lay in front of the garden of Ah Yit, for which mooring he had but little rental to pay, as the two were old companions. The garden of Ah Yit was directly across the river from the rice mill, and from the road in the rear, over the roofs and stacks of the mill, rose the cross-tipped spire of the Church of the Conception.

It was very convenient for Boon Hin's wife to have the church so near, for she was a devout Catholic and had been named for one of the Saints. Boon Hin made fun of Cecelia's religion. He had none of his own. It would have been better for him had his wife also had none.

The floating-house was a pretty little place, and Cecelia kept everything marvelously neat. She had a little shop in front of the house, where she sold a few simple native articles. On the raft in front of the shop Boon Hin, when they were first married, had made her a little flower-bed, and it was full of roses and pinks and lady-slippers.

There was one thing about Boon Hin that puzzled his wife. He went away every evening in his little canoe at sundown, and did not come back until almost daybreak. Then he slept and lounged about the house till evening came again, only rousing himself sufficiently to eat his meals thrice a day. He seemed to have all the money he wanted, too, and never touched the little sums his wife earned from her shop. She often wondered where it came from, but she was a good wife and asked no questions.

When her baby was born she ceased to worry for a time and seemed perfectly happy. Boon Hin himself slept less, and played with the child. He even consented to have Father Pierre christen her. Cecelia had more hope for Boon Hin's soul in those days.

But it was not destined to last long. He soon fell back into his old ways, and Cecelia worried more than ever.

One morning, when the child was about a year old, just at dawn she heard the swish of a canoe as it drew up to the side of the raft. She listened to hear Boon Hin chain the boat to the stake, and come in. At first there was no sound at all. Then she heard a low groan, half drowned by two shrill voices attempting to speak under their breath. It was not long before she was at the side of the boat. Her husband was lying face down in the bottom of the boat with a deep cut in the back of his head. He was bleeding terribly. The other men were Ah Yit and his brother. In the prow of the boat, almost hidden under the coil of rope, lay crow-bars, hammers and knives. Each of the men was heavily armed. Cecelia began to understand. She said nothing, but helped the men into the house with Boon Hin.

For weeks he was delirious, and raved incessantly. Now, for the first time, she gathered the facts of his life, and the names of his companions, who were bound by the oaths of the robbers' guild, the dreaded Chan Ok. She cared for him entirely herself, permitting no one to enter the room where he lay. When he came to consciousness he saw that she knew all. He muttered something between his teeth, and turned his face from her. When he was altogether well again he threatened her with a terrible vengeance if she ever breathed a word of what she knew, and swore a great Mongolian oath to strengthen the threat. The woman shuddered, and crossed herself.

After his recovery Boon Hin was at home less than ever. Finally he came only when he thought Cecelia needed to be reminded of his threat, which was about once a month. It was well that he did remind her of it. She had a terrible struggle with her conscience. She felt that she ought to confess the whole

miserable affair to Father Pierre, and that in not doing so she was a partner in the crime, but Boon Hin never let the fear die out of her soul, and he was her husband, whom even Father Pierre had said she should honor. Time and time again had she set out in her own little sampan to make a full confession to the priest. Time and time again had the fear of Boon Hin's revenge, mingled with the sense of wifely duty, held her back, and she confessed a paltry lie, which she never told, or the omission of her prayers, which never occurred.

The years went by thus, and Cecelia and Boon Hin were growing old, and one day, suddenly, Cecelia realized that it was eighteen years since the baby Marie was born. Phillippe, a young Siamese of the fold of Father Pierre, and a sub-interpreter at the French Legation, wanted to marry Marie. Cecelia was very much pleased, but as a good wife she would have to consult Boon Hin. So the next time he came to repeat his threat, she broached the question to him. He calmly told her that, for himself, he had another wife over on the New Road, who had borne him a son, and he did not care what became of Marie or Cecelia, either, so long as his secret was not revealed.

Cecelia was strangely relieved to hear all this. It was rather bitter that she had been cast aside so readily, for she had been faithful; but the entire freedom he gave her in regard to the girl, delighted her. And one morning Father Pierre married the young couple, and gave them his blessing. They came to live with Cecelia, and Phillippe paid Ah Yit for the mooring.

Father Pierre had grown very old, and did not live long after Marie's marriage. A new priest came, who was a hard, stern man, and seemed to see through Cecelia's little lies, and spoke to her unkindly. She was seldom tempted to confess the great fault to him. She could imagine how his eyes would glitter, and she knew that Boon Hin would be seized on his next visit. Had she not been to the execution grounds, where the headless carcasses of criminals rotted, an endless feast to the vultures? Boon Hin was her husband and Marie's father under any circumstances, and besides, she knew that if Boon Hin were prevented from having his revenge, his companions were faithful.

Then the cholera came to the city, and thousands died of it daily. Cecelia was in terror lest any of her little household should be taken. Finally, she fell sick herself. The fear that she should die with the great sin on her soul, added to her agony, so Marie took the sampan and went for the priest. It happened to be about time for Boon Hin's periodical visit, and while Marie was away he came. He knew what was the matter as soon as he entered the house. Turning, he saw Marie crossing the river with the priest, and slipping his canoe back of the floating-house, hid till they had gone in. Then he followed them stealthily.

He stood breathlessly at the door of the room and listened. Marie was sobbing, but he could hear Cecelia's voice in a low monotone talking to the priest, and the short, curt answers of the latter made him clench his fists. Buddha! What was she telling to that priest? Had she forgotten his threat? He was wild with rage. He broke into the room and struck the priest to the floor, but when he saw the pale, ghost-like face of his wife, and the crucifix by her side, he was terrified. He rushed to his canoe and was gone ere the father had recovered.

After all Cecelia survived the cholera. The threat of her husband was on her mind constantly. Marie, who had kept the story from Phillippe, at last told him all. The next day the floating-house was moved to a hidden nook in the very shadow of the Great Temple. The change relieved the old woman, and when Marie's baby came she seemed almost as happy as when Marie herself was born. Boon Hin was forgotten, but Boon Hin did not forget.

It was the hottest day of April, which is the hottest month of the year in Bangkok. The thatch roofs of the house smoked with the heat. There was not a breath of air astir. The river was very low and the water smelled horribly stagnant. It was almost time for the first terrible storms of the rainy season, and everyone was eagerly longing for them. Surely some dread plague would break out and sweep the city, if the rains did not come soon.

Cecelia was particularly anxious. Marie's baby was not well, and looked so thin and haggard that they almost despaired of his life. So they prayed for rain to every saint of whom the fathers had told them. No one looked more anxiously for the first black clouds than they.

Towards evening the air became more sultry, and the sky was hazy. Cecelia stood at the end of the raft scanning carefully every inch of the sky. Suddenly she gave a delighted cry and pointed towards the southeast. Far down in the horizon, almost hidden by the trees and spires of the city, lay a low black cloud. The women rushed to the child and fondled him. They did not kiss him. They put their noses to his poor, thin cheeks and sniffed softly. That is the Siamese kiss.

No thought of Boon Hin had entered their minds for months. He might have forgotten his threat or he might be dead. In their anxiety for the child he seemed to them only an evil myth.

Meanwhile the clouds grew rapidly. Ere long it stretched over the whole southern sky and reached far toward the east. It was already dark, and lights began to glimmer on ships and junks and on the canoes of belated traffickers as they hurried by. Everything was hushed. Cecelia drew the mosquito nets and shut the little square windows of the house. A flash of lightning shot across the south, followed by a faint peal of thunder. But the storm seemed to grow no nearer for hours. The family went to bed, but Cecelia and Marie could not sleep for sheer happiness. They listened to the heavy breathing of the child, and when he whimpered Marie soothed him. Phillippe slept soundly.

As the storm grew nearer the lightning was more frequent and the thunder louder. The pariah dogs at the great temple howled drearily. Then midst it all there was a sharp, quick flash of lightning, followed by a deafening peal of thunder. The rain broke with a whirl of wind. It hissed across the river and beat through the cracks in the side of the floating house. The wind blew down the board shutter from the window in their sleeping room. As Cecelia rose to shut it there was a lull in the

storm. The little clock in the shop struck one. She stepped in some water on her way to the window and shivered.

Just as she reached the window a terrible flash of lightning lit the whole scene. In the flash she saw a long boat with four men in it drawn up to the raft. She did not hesitate an instant, but hurriedly woke Phillippe. He seized a revolver and went out. The women followed him. As they passed out of the door a man sprang from the boat and fired in their direction. The bullet grazed Marie's shoulder and she screamed. Phillippe raised his arm to answer the shot, but Cecelia held him. Her whole frame shook, and she seemed to strive to speak, but could not. Phillippe thrust her aside and fired. The man fell face down across Cecelia's flower bed. The men in the boat shoved off and paddled hurriedly to shore. Cecelia ran out to where the man had fallen. The storm had commenced again. She turned the body over and waited for another flash of lightning. When it came she stooped and scanned the face of the man—

It was Boon Hin.

Frank McDonald.

BROWNING'S BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

EVERY great act has its underlying motive; every noble achievement, its actuating principle. The strongest of all such is connected with a desire, in one form or another, for immortality. To the patriot, it is immortality in the heroic act. To the poet, it is immortality in the never-dying verse. To the painter, it is immortality in the master stroke. Regardless of the sphere, the motive is to live forever. No characteristic more differentiates man from the beast, than his belief in the immortality of the soul. It is man, and man alone, who can face death and—

"In the faith that looks through death"

say—

"O thou soul of my soul, I shall see thee again,
And with God be at rest."

These are the words of Robert Browning—a poet of faith and hope—a poet in sympathy with the widening intelligence and science of his time—a man of unusual catholicity—a religious thinker—pre-eminently, like Tennyson, a Christian poet of the century.

This has been an age of science and criticism. And while philosophers and scientists have been singing pæans over the downfall of creeds and superstitions, and criticism has been attempting to shatter the foundations of truth and faith, not a few anxious souls have been eagerly asking, What is to replace our questioned faith? What are we to write on the *tabula rasa* which the century will have left us? Alas! to comfort such troubled hearts, what sad pictures of a faithless world with its belittling of life and its gospel of despair, do we see drawn by the master minds of the century! Numerous are the examples of men who analyze and dissect—men who are positive only in negation. But there is one prophet, who, with none of Carlyle's bitterness nor Ruskin's mediævalism, comes as the herald of life and love to this age of weakened faith and scepticism. To an age, when on every wind is borne the cry of realism, Browning comes, the only true realist, the idealist. To an age which has learned to write the epic of the worm, Browning comes to write the epic of the soul.

To the scientists, he would say: Show me an atom. Immortality incredible? Your atom is a truly immortal being. Reflect upon thy ignorance of it and then marvel at my belief in the immortality of the soul.

The true basis for a belief in immortality, Browning finds to rest in the intuitions of the soul—the still small voice of infinite truth within. If we fail to find God in the mountain defiles, or to see Him in the atoms, or to hear Him in the voices of the thunder, there is one place where we can always find Him, in the heart of man. The whisper comes, "Thou shalt never die," and man replies:

"I know earth is not my sphere,
For I cannot so narrow me but that
I still exceed it."

Man's nature tells him that never on earth can desire find perfect fulfillment, nor the ideal become complete reality. He thus realizes the truth of his own incompleteness. He is satisfied that man is not Man yet. He longs for permanence—all is movement here. One height scaled and another presents itself. He sighs for the time when he shall live—

" With life forever old, yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree
The instant made eternity."

Here then, is man, weighed down by a deep sense of his own finiteness, yet struggling through the help of his imperfections to attain harmony with the infinite, and sure to find it. But how Completion and perfection for starfishes, but—

" Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beast's, God is, they are,
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be."

This is the key-note of Browning's solution of the problem. This is the ladder by which man is to reach attainment. This is the secret of man's ultimate realization of the infinite.

Progress is conditioned, however, by the co-existence of good and evil. There is need of evil, happily only a transient one. As success and failure imply ultimate success, and faith and doubt, ultimate faith ; so good and evil imply ultimate good. We have the liberty of doing evil that our doing good may have a grace. Here, Browning reveals himself as the pure optimist, the prophet of the broader hope, who sees in all evil the making of good ; in all pain, the opportunity of love. He does not complain with Dryden, that, "Life is all a cheat," or plaintively ask with Gay, "O! what is life with ills encompassed round?" Life is man's opportunity of choosing the good—a test for life in worlds beyond.

Progress is also conditioned by endeavor. "Let a man contend to his utmost for his life's set prize," says Browning. Ah, but man fails! He has endeavored, and it is the struggle, the continued endeavor that makes life worth living. "Imperfec-

tion means perfection hid." The highest on earth implies a higher in heaven. Ah, but man doubts!

"You call for faith,
I show you doubt, to prove that faith exists."

"I rather prize the doubt."

"If you desire faith—then, you've faith enough."

The final condition of progress is the continuity of existence. What is whole, can increase no more. Perfection once attained, and progress is impossible. Once remove the idea of immortality and you dwarf all effort at progress, because you deny the possibility of achievement. Here is a statue, with all the symmetry of proportion and delicacy of figure that the touch of a master hand can give. Here is another of even surpassing grace and beauty.

"They are perfect, how else?—they shall never change,
We are faulty, why not?—we have time in store."

Unless life is the apprenticeship of the soul,

"'Tis a poor cheat, a stupid bungle,
A wretched failure. We protest
Against it, and we fling it back with scorn."

Life with Browning is no riddle, no mist or wind-swept meadow. Life is for victory Life is for reward. Life is forever.

The sun may turn to blood and the moon be darkened; ruin may overtake nature, and this world with ten thousand other worlds throughout the infinite field of space may perish, but the soul of man remains; and above all the general wreck of matter we see it soaring to the bosom of him who gave it. To the Greek, death was a sad doom—to the Roman, a grim reality. To Browning, death is life. "Never say of me that I am dead," for

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
That was I worth to God."

With a hope like Jacob's ladder, reaching from lowest earth to highest heaven, and with a joy as of flowers blooming on sunny slopes, he cries,

"The future I may face now, I have proved the past."

Now, life's hymn is sung. Death, "the birthday of eternity," has come. The "broken arcs" of life on earth are now to be transformed into the "perfect round" of life in heaven. Yea, in heaven, where "man's nothing perfect is God's all complete."

Charles Alexander Robinson.

"AN IMPROBABLE POSSIBILITY."

I HAD been wondering for the past few days what in the world had come over my friend and chum, Archie Brainered. There was something radically wrong: He had always been one of the best-natured, kindest-hearted fellows that ever lived, but of late, within the last few days, he had become contrary, and seemed to delight in doing directly the opposite from what he was asked to do. Withal he did not seem to do it simply for the sake of doing it. He seemed perfectly unconscious of the fact that there was any annoyance felt, due to his peculiarity. He had not lost any of his genial personality, he was the same kind-hearted, cheerful fellow he had always been, yet this new phase of his character was to him as though it had been his always. It was beyond explanation. Something was wrong.

It was a beautiful day, and I was sitting on the front piazza smoking and thinking, thinking of Archie, for he was to be on hand in a short time to go down to the Tennis Club with me for an afternoon's play.

I was deep in thought, when I heard a step on the gravel walk leading up to the house, and looking up, saw the object of my speculations coming towards me.

"Hello Archie, my boy," I yelled to him; "talk about elegant days, what's the matter with this?"

He looked at me a moment in a quizzical way, then said, "Why, what's the matter with to-day, it's fine!"

I paid no attention to his remark—it was half expected; and I added one of those needless questions about his being ready, when he stood there before me in tennis clothes, racket in hand.

"No I'm not ready—got lots to do; I'll come up and sit down awhile with you," and beckoning to me, he started down the path again.

"What in the Dickens is the matter with him," thought I; but, picking up my own racket, I caught up to him, and together we started toward the club.

He chatted freely and naturally about things in general and of common interest, yet whenever I vouchsafed a remark about one thing or another, he would look at me in surprise and take my words and meaning in the opposite sense from that which I intended them. We had gone but a short distance, when a little girl, in short white frock and little golden curls clustering about her face, chanced to meet us.

"By jingo, Archie!" I remarked, "isn't that a pretty little thing?" He looked at me a moment in surprise, and then again at the child, and said: "I don't see it in that light. Why, I think she's very cute and pretty."

That certainly was a ringer. I looked him full in the face to see whether or no he was making sport of me. But no, the same quiet, cheerful face that always greeted me—earnest in everything that he said. It was certainly a very peculiar state of affairs, or else he was a remarkably clever actor. If he had had a twinkle in his eyes, or a suspicion of a smile playing about his mouth, it would have been easy to see that he was doing all this for his own personal amusement, and it would have been possible to pay him back in his own coin. But it was not so. He was so thoroughly in earnest that the idea of his acting it never entered my head a second time.

Then I began to think that his mind had become unbalanced in some way—there could be no other solution. He had understood me to say the reverse of what I meant. I would try him at his own game and watch the result. The opportunity pre-

sented itself. Directly ahead of us, walking with a friend, was Miss Villiers.

Being Archie's chum, he had confidentially expressed to me what everybody knew, and what he thought no one had perceived—his admiration for Miss Villiers.

This was the opportunity.

"Archie, I don't see why you dislike Alice! She's awfully homely and uneducated!"

His color heightened a little, and with a smile playing over his face, he answered: "You're right, my boy! By jingo, I'd have more of a show if everybody wasn't falling in love with her! But it isn't her fault if she's pretty, nor if men fall in love with her. As for education, she'd be brilliant if she'd never seen a book." And then relapsing into a reverie, possibly on the charms of Miss Villiers, he became silent.

I fell into a reverie also, but of more or less different character. Here was a shifting of the mental equilibrium that I had never before even heard of and with which now I was personally acquainted. I began to wonder how long it would take to become accustomed to using words contrary to the idea expressed. It would certainly seem strange to be talking of the miserable weather when it was a sunshiny, glorious day. I wondered just how far this state of mental disturbance extended or to what length it would eventually spread. Great Scott! suppose it should develop from a mental to a physical state or a combination of the two. He would have to be in constant pain to believe himself at ease. Suppose—why he'd have to go about undressed to think he was dressed, and in spite of the seriousness of the occasion, I burst into a fit of laughter at the idea.

"What's the joke?" exclaimed my mentally deranged friend.

"Oh, nothing," I answered evasively. He had evidently as yet not passed into a state of physical diametric opposition, for which I felt heartily thankful. It was evident that to all the physical senses he responded in a normal manner. His indisposition was as yet settled in only a mental capacity.

In a wild desire to learn the truth I quietly slipped out my scarf-pin and pricked him with it. His actions fortified me in my beliefs—he didn't like the sensation.

Here was an unparalleled condition of affairs. What was to be the outcome?

It certainly would look peculiar to put a notice in the town paper to the effect that all of Mr. Archibald Brainerd's friends and acquaintances are requested, owing to a mental disturbance, when addressing him to say exactly what they do not mean in order to be understood.

By this time we had nearly reached the tennis grounds, and I was wondering what would be the probable outcome. People—and Archie knew almost everybody—would think that he had lost his reason, that he had gone raving mad; and yet, outside of this phenomenon, he appeared, apparently, perfectly sound in every way. I wondered whether it would be a good thing to get there ahead of him, call the people together and treat them to an explanatory speech; but that seemed too harsh and indelicate a method. I had no time to form any plan of action, for we had already gone in the gate and were almost at the steps leading to the club-house piazza. There was only one course left, and that was to stick to Archie and pilot him through as best I could.

Just my luck, thought I, for I had no sooner adopted this plan when away started Archie to speak to Miss Villiers, who had noticed him from the further end of the piazza, and as I started after him some foolish, perfectly unnecessary remark from two girls whom I knew, necessitated my stopping and chatting with them. I never felt more uncomfortable in my life—there was Archie who would probably make a spectacle of himself in the eyes of Miss Villiers, and here I was listening to the idiotic talk of a couple of girls who were telling me a lot of trash I didn't care to hear and yet whom I could not with any semblance of politeness leave during their recital. I couldn't sit down and couldn't stand still. I answered them indiscriminately with "Yes" and "No" until I thought I'd be making about as bad an impression as would Archie himself. To cap the climax I saw Miss Villiers and himself start toward the rustic summer-house back of the club, where I wouldn't even have

the satisfaction of keeping an eye on him. It was simply becoming unbearable.

The calm, quiet, unconcerned way in which those girls told me every unimportant detail of the bazaar they were going to hold at their mission-house, nearly drove me frantic. I heartily wished all bazaars and missions could be positively prohibited on this side of the Arctic line. When they began to discuss the "cute little china dolls they were dressing in dear little sailor suits," my patience gave out. I am only human. What were "cute dolls" and "dear suits" when Archie was concerned. It was maddening.

It suddenly occurred to me that they must be wild to play tennis, of which fact I immediately informed them. They said they were, and before they could say another word I rushed off to two fellows with whom I was acquainted and who were sitting on the steps of the porch, and asked them to play, informing them of the girls' wild desire. They started to tell me what I knew would eventuate in a polite excuse.

This was no time for excuses. I thanked them, and as I hurried past the girls I told them that I should have to leave them for a moment and would be right back, and added, in a voice loud enough for the fellows to hear: "Fred and Clarence said they'd be delighted to form a set with you." I thought that would bring Fred and Clarence around all right. Then I set out madly for the summer-house.

I took a short cut across the lawn, so that it was but a moment or two before I reached them. The soft turf had deadened my footsteps, so that they had not heard my approach.

I heard Archie's voice. He was talking rapidly in a subdued undertone. I was almost upon them before I caught sight of them. What I saw made me stop short.

There was Archie on one knee pleading his cause while he lightly grasped one of Miss Villier's little hands in both of his. He was looking up into her face where encouragement was plainly visible. What could I do? I didn't have the courage to break in upon them, and I felt that for Archie's sake I ought to be near at hand; at any rate I saw it all. I don't know

what he said, I didn't care much then, what it was, but I was fearful for her reply. I had not long to wait. She looked at his upturned face a moment, and I plainly heard "Yes, darling, I will."

I never saw such a transformation in a man in my life. I had known that Archie had admired Miss Villiers, but never before had I realized the depth of his passion. As she spoke the words he sprang to his feet in the centre of the summer-house, then putting his hands to his head he lifted his face toward heaven as in prayer—a prayer for strength to bear this crushing blow—the dismissal from her whom he loved more than his life.

He stood thus an instant, then suddenly reaching towards his hip pocket he drew a revolver and placed the muzzle at his head. With a cry I jumped forward to knock the pistol from his hand, but just as I reached him the report of the discharged weapon rang in my ears.

* * * * *

I felt a sharp pain in the back and, looking up, saw Archie with smiling face standing over me. "Wake up! wake up! my boy, and don't sit here sleeping all day. Here's your pipe and racket. Brace up and let's start off to the Tennis Club—and, by the way, old man, congratulate me; I saw Alice Villiers this morning and—well, can't you tell by my face?"

Franklin B. Morse.

A POPPY BLOSSOM.

(PRESSED BETWEEN THE LEAVES OF A BOOK OF POEMS).

NOT the faint, sweet exhalation
 Of a rosebud laid to rest
 'Mid memorials of a poet's passion,
 A rose that once lay on her breast.
 Not such treasures, mouldering, sweet
 Now my fading senses greet.

Not the red-rose dainty crimson,
 Faded blush 'mid yellowed leaves,
 Recording long past loves of women,
 At sight of which my bosom heaves.
 Not such sweet, remembered bloom
 Lightens now my darkening gloom.

Not the chaste blush of a maiden
 But regal purple, dark and deep.
 'Tis not with sweet perfume laden,
 Deadly odors from it creep—
 Odors from a Southern land
 Memories of a faithless hand.

T. T. S.

THE NATION'S IDOL.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ORATION.

THIS is a day for eloquence and thought. Patriotism becomes the hour. Not the wild exultation of a prosperous and perhaps thoughtless people, not the patriotism that revels in noise and sensation, but rather a calm and thoughtful veneration of the nation's hero.

And this is the place for such a patriotism. Here in these academic walks the cruel hand of the "commonplace" has not yet robbed us of all the enthusiasm of life. We have not yet learned to translate the fates of states into the rise and fall of stocks. Born to an academic life that is American to the core, trained to the love of an alma mater that is only less sacred than love for the fatherland itself, we have joyously celebrated her victories and have wept over her defeats. For her honor some have even risked their lives, and few have failed to learn some of the lessons of patriotism that she has to teach.

I am not insensible to these peculiar incitements to eloquence. Happy shall I be if in the choral of celebration that now rises from every heart I strike no discordant note. Rather would I hear of Mark Antony and bid you listen to the dumb mouths

which all about us are speaking the praises of him whom we celebrate. On yonder battle-field fell brave men who knew his face, that calm and mighty face, at once the inspiration of the faithful and the terror of the traitor. In yonder grave-yard rest the revered ashes of his mighty coadjutors, whose weapon was the pen and whose inspiration was the smile of God. In yonder ivied hall sat that memorable congress of which Washington was the honored chief. Think you there are no spirits in this place? Had we but the vision of Elijah we too should see wondrous sights—horsemen and chariots and armed men.

In such an hour and in such a place, it indeed seems gratuitous to offer tribute to him who needs not our praise; but who can resist the fascination of a great personality?

The figure of a great man, standing calmly amid the buffetings of fortune, is truly a sublime spectacle. Behold Demosthenes, the Athenian of Athenians, the most truly Greek of them all, baring his head to receive the blows leveled against his beloved Athens. Alone, he makes his whole life a bulwark against the gold of Phillip, the arms of Alexander and the faithlessness of an infatuated people, to whom a wreath dripping with Servian wine was a sweeter meed than the laurel of the victor.

And Cicero, that consummate production of the Latin type of genius, in whom Augustine and Erasmus could find and love an approximate of the Christian spirit—behold him in his old age, for the sake of his beloved commonwealth, resolutely setting himself against the emperor Cæsar and his drunken minions, his legionaries and all Rome mad at his heels. All glory to these, the noblest flowers of those classic days. This struggle is long since past. They have wrapt themselves about with liberty, and may peace be with them in this fairest of winding-sheets!

Washington, it is true, died not a martyr to his patriotism. But was he less great because his last moments were breathed in peace and satisfaction? He, too, breasted the storm, but turned its savage winds to the good of the State. The war was finished. The great strife for liberty was ended. A new State was born into the family of nations—a child with untried passions and crude ideas, ignorant of the world. Its new-made citizens had

tasted license as well as liberty; the glorious struggle of war had blinded them to the more arduous duties of peace. Already were stirring, even in the minds of our own statesmen, those dark and baleful doctrines which poisoned the life of Europe and threw all France into a frenzy of crime and bloodshed. Well might Washington, the daring soldier, now become the timid, vacillating statesman. But hear him as he stands the spokesman of the Constitutional Congress: "In all our deliberations upon this subject, we kept steadily in view that which appeared of the greatest interest to every true American, *the consolidation of the Union*, in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety and perhaps our national existence." The "consolidation of our Union," "our national existence;" these were his ideals—for these his hopes and fears were given. What lips could such sentiments better become? Was it but an outburst of oratorical fervor that led Webster, in the face of social and political ruin, to bid distressed and unhappy America turn her eyes upon Washington? Nay, but rather the earnest conviction of a wise and thoughtful statesman, seeking a way of escape for his people. May there be many such to raise aloft the brazen serpent in the wilderness! If in times of extremity it were ours to turn to him as our political oracle, can there be any doubt what would be the deliverance of their lips? Not less monotonous would they be than were the answers of the Delphic Oracle of old to the inquiring Spartans: "Save the liberty of Greece." They would be in substance but a repetition of those memorable words of his Farewell Address: "Let me warn you most solemnly against the baneful effects of the spirit of party."

Starting with a creed so true, so grand, so broad as that which gave nerve to the Declaration of Independence—a creed the goal of centuries of blood and tears, the creed of dying patriots and of the most earnest religionists, the creed that pointed the bayonets of a hundred battles and lived in the deathless words of Otis, Adams and Henry. Starting with such a creed, what shall hinder the march of any people to glory, liberty and happiness? Thus confidently do we exclaim. Yet how has this very creed been the seed of dissension! How an extensive expression of it

divided even the constitutional convention in the very presence of Washington! How it has created parties, made the part greater than the whole, the party chief and his interests an end instead of the means. It has been the seed of war and assassinations, the watchword of anarchists and bloody mobs. In the form of sectional feeling it resisted the nomination of Washington to command our armies, instigated the caballings of Gates, opposed the adoption of any constitution whatsoever. In a thousand forms this individualism presents itself. But black or white, as you are Americans, dread it, shun it. *E Pluribus Unum*. Out of the many petty sectional interests to make one universal, all-embracing love for country—to overcome the prejudices of habit and ignorance, the petty cavils of the petty, to take away partitive walls, roll away provincial flags and hush provincial drums, to place before the eye of faith one glorious national ideal, which like the pillar of fire of old should lead our hosts through the ægis to the promised land. Such was the problem before Washington and his compatriots.

And this is the problem that is handed down to us. *E Pluribus Unum*, the motto of religion as it finds its expression in the conception of the church, "from the individual to the universal," the maxim of philosophy itself—this great principle has now become the ideal of a nation, to be accomplished not by the coercive power of a few, not by the force of traditions, but by the sacrifice of the individual to the common good. On this principle of mutual concession our very national existence depends.

For after all, our national life is not a growth but a construction. Ours is no dim, prehistoric origin. We have no centuries of custom and sound memory, no history, no literature, no central principle save that one dangerous creed of liberty around which to gather the many into one. Reason and love built the foundation. Reason and love alone can sustain the superstructure. Time has not proven it. What irregularity has it rounded? On what coigne of vantage has it built its nest? Where are its mosses and ivies? How many storms has our national structure withstood, how many days of sunlight have revealed its defor-

mities? For us as for our forefathers the maxim of our national life must be the great paradox of Christianity, "he that will lose his life shall find it." Such was their creed, and in consequence that beautiful line of Horace "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," so dear to the hearts of patriots of all ages, has been graved upon the tomb of many a hero who died that we as a nation might live. They had learned the secret of the ages. Yes and they shall teach it to the nations.

Nineteen hundred years ago the world's greatest teacher spoke these amazing words: "For I say unto you, among those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist, but he that is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than he." A child greater than John the Baptist? Surely not in faith. In love? Did he not lay down his life for the Master? Yet the least child in the Church of God is greater, simply because he is of the kingdom.

If I were permitted reverently to paraphrase, I should say: Of those adequate to themselves, self-contained, self-certain; among the greatest is Napoleon. But the least patriot, the least lover of his fellow-men, is greater than he. Greater in the prowess of war? Surely not. Greater in world-power? Napoleon dictated the policy of Europe. He is greater in the true sense; he is part of the greater whole. Ah! these resplendent names—Napoleon, Goethe! The spirit of their time was, indeed, vehement in them, but it was the spirit of individualism. "Adequate for self" was written on their massive foreheads, was breathed in every sentence they uttered, and found expression in their every act. For man it is a weary way to God, but a wearier for any demigod.

With these lights and shades, surely this picture of Washington is no longer a puzzle. When dazzled by the contemplation of Alexander and Napoleon, you, who love virtue and your fellow-men, may gratefully turn your weary eyes upon one, on whom the title of greatness may be justly and innocently bestowed. Cæsar was merciful; Scipio was continent; Hannibal was patient; Napoleon was indomitable; but it was re-

served for Washington to blend them all, and, like the masterpiece of the Greek artist, to exhibit one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

Hold before your eyes, if it be possible, as one great historical epoch, the Revolution and the days that followed, with Washington as the central, explanatory figure. Watch the ebb and flow of political feeling now leaving him stranded and almost at the mercy of the enemies of the state, again waxing violent as a storm threatening to overthrow him by cabals and slanders. Yet amid it all he remained calm and immovable—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though 'round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Some of our orators and teachers have cautioned us against national idols, and in the name of their piety have spared not even Washington himself. If this veneration of Washington be idolatry, I fear it not, but rather heap curses upon the petty iconoclast who deems himself sinless enough to cast the first stone.

Washington will ever remain the idol of his people, the ideal of their statesman, a light in their every darkness. Often shall it be ours to say, "O, for one more farewell address, then might he ascend to the Father of all Light." But this is vain, and in conclusion I can only offer you this sentiment. "The Birthday of Washington—then best, then only well celebrated when it is given as he gave his brain, his heart and his whole glorious life to our country—our whole country, our united country."

Wilbur M. Urban.

THE PASSING OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

IF YOU had been looking for the Edison "plant" you might have found it hard to locate. It occupied a kind of misfit lot that fronted on three alleys and no streets, so that its address was somewhat indeterminate. On one side it faced the dingy and uncompromising rear of a wholesale dry goods store and on the other an equally uninviting wholesale liquor house, from both of which great wagon-loads of goods departed hourly for Kansas. From the low, rectangular building that covered the engines and machinery the great, black smoke-funnel rose high above the neighboring warehouses as though to atone for the humbleness of the surroundings and to proclaim to the world the importance of the building it served. On all sides, from every point of the compass, stretched a web of wires. Like some great pulsating heart the building below seemed to receive these wire arteries, and through it passed the life-blood of thousands of city lights.

It was nearly five o'clock. The brass brushes on the arc dynamos had been carefully cleaned and adjusted. The oil cups had been filled to the brim with the thick lubricating fluid and the air tubes had been carefully screwed in place. Overhead a thick net-work of greasy black wires twisted themselves in regular helixes down to the dynamos or wound their way, snake like, around the glass insulators and out to the main line. Long rows of belts, trusted messengers of power, ran from the engines below to the pulley-wheels of the machines on the second floor. The bell in the office tinkles out the signal from the other plant to connect up the circuits, and the dynamo-man steps to the switch-board and deftly connects one terminal with another until all the pathways for the current are complete. Then he gives the whistle wire a long pull to call the engineer to the speaking tube, and a moment later shouts down the order to start up. A few gradual turns of the throttle wheel and the dynamos begin to show little tongues of sparks at their brushes. A few more turns and the tongues leap out in fierce crackling

streams, casting a blueish light on the objects around. Then comes a final signal from the office, another word at the tube and the noise from the machines mounts to a fierce roar. Then throughout the city at each street corner the gathering duskiness is changed to a noon-day brilliancy. Meanwhile the dynamo-man steps from one machine to another, and seems to thrust his hand into the very jaws of the roaring monsters as he feels each box—examines each part and sees that the connections are perfect and the bearings cool.

"How're they running to-night, Jack?" inquired the engineer sociably when the dynamo-man had climbed down the rickety stairs to the engine-room, and stood pulling meditatively at a wad of waste which was compressed in a heavy bale near one of the engines.

The dynamo-man was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, the thoughtful lines of whose face could be observed even through the grime and oil that streaked it. His blue eyes had a sober and reflective look in them, as though there were an independent, self-reliant spirit behind.

"They're going to run hot," he said. "I guess the load is heavy to-night." He caught up a final handful of snarled threads and ascended to the floor above, soaking the bundle of waste at the sink in the work-room, and began to apply it to the refractory boxes.

The dynamo-man was about fifty-five years of age, though his face, with all its normal decorations of oil stains, was rather non-committal as to years. It had the firm appearance about the mouth that popular novelists have always affirmed is the outward manifestation of a determined character. A more realistic writer might, however, have connected it with an excessive use of plug tobacco. But youthful blue eyes he certainly had, and they threw out a hint of fewer years.

Over across the river, where the rents were low, and one could have an 18x20 grass lawn and a front piazza for summer evenings, and a corporeal odor from the packing house for summer mornings, was located the home where Jack was rearing a brood of three young dynamo-men and a possible dynamo-girl or two. He had been a man of extended experience before he had settled

down permanently to the business of "handling lightning for a living." In the evenings when the machines were all started and the lights were burning smoothly, he would sometimes favor the engineer with the various remarkable incidents of his wanderings. The engineer was a young man who had left college at the end of his sophomore year to go into the shops, and who had consequently had more time to work up in the business and work down in his own estimation than if he had gotten a degree. He was always an appreciative listener to the dynamo-man's experiences.

"There's nothing like the possibilities in this business that there used to be," the dynamo-man began as he lit his pipe and tilted his chair back against the rheostat box. "It's too extensive now to give much chance for enterprise in the management of it. You, perhaps never thought there could be originality and enterprise in running machines. Well, there is. Why, I've known the switches to be so handled that four hundred people were converted at a revival. The arc lamps would go out every time the collection box was being passed till everyone believed the lights were in the hands of a Special Providence. I'd like to state they're great possibilities in the intelligent running of machines. But what I started to tell you about was how our superintendent out in New Paradise City used to show people he wasn't in the business for his health.

"New Paradise, you know, started with a boom that was audible in five states. It lasted three years and a half, thereby establishing a world's record for boom towns. There were a hundred and eighteen Loan, Mortgage and Investment Companies and ninety-two real estate syndicates that incorporated and broke there during that time. It was a live town from the word go. Why, it grew so fast that if you went into a bookstore and asked for a guide-book and map of the town, the clerk would apologize, if he offered you one a week old. The suburbs were all plotted out for fifteen miles out in the country. When Windville, thirty-two miles away, got the railroad, and *their* boom got on its legs, there was a time when you could stand with one foot in New Paradise suburbs and one in Windville and not have any experience as a Colossus either. But

about our superintendent. He was just cut out and built up from the ground floor for a place like New Paradise. He was enterprise and civic pride to the back-bone. It was a positive pleasure to see him out gunning for capitalists, when he had a bran new investment scheme on hand. He could bag an Englishman as easily as you'd fill an oil-cup. How he picked up the electrical business I never knew, but he understood enough about it to set a plant on its feet, and he sold all the stock the first morning he offered it in the New Paradise exchange. At first, I guess he intended to just sell the shares and salt down his little pile and then get out. But a brain like his couldn't take up the electric lighting industry long without seeing the possibilities there were in it. He kept the position of superintendent for himself, and he said that he calculated he'd give Thomas A. Edison some points on running the business. You see the plant was built and the wires run out when the town was pretty young, so that people all relied on it for their light. When a gas company organized and tried to put their charter through the city council, he threatened to cut off the light from the aldermen's houses if they passed it. As it happened, five of the aldermen owned saloons, which, of course, couldn't expect to do much business by lamp light; three had shares in the electric light company, and one had a daughter who was to give a coming-out soiree the evening after the charter was to be voted on, so that altogether the gas idea was laid pretty low in New Paradise. I tell you it was beautiful to see what a power in the community the superintendent got to be. He had the circuits arranged so that he could turn the current off from any street in town. If a man made a complaint about the way the thing was run he'd find himself and his whole street in the dark that night, and he'd usually turn up the next day and apologize. The beauty of it was, too, that the boss had quietly gotten an exclusive grip on the lamp and oil business in town. He owned eight separate stores that handled artificial illuminating stock, and he got commissions from two big oil companies on most of the rest that was sold.

"Of course there was lots of dissatisfaction over the eccentricities that the lights were addicted to. There would be a big ward meeting scheduled for a certain night to push through the reform candidate for mayor and in the middle of the ceremonies the arc lights would begin to splutter and then slowly die out as though the speeches were a little more than they could stand. Then the meeting would break up in the dark and people would shove and scramble in getting out and it would all end in a free fight. When the Women's Temperance Union undertook to raid the saloons at night and hold prayer meetings in them, the superintendent disapproved strongly of the movement. He used to find out each night what gilded palace of sin they were intending to visit next and there would always be Egyptian darkness in that locality. It discouraged the Union a good deal, since there was never anyone there to convert, by the time they got lanterns and lamps ready. It used to keep me busy at the switches some nights keeping track of those Women Temperance Reformers—shutting off the light as they passed from one street into another. As I said before, these things stirred some people up against the company, but the incandescent lights in every shop window, and the arc lights at the corner of every street, were too big an ad. for the town when capitalists were headed in the direction of New Paradise, for people to complain very much. The boss was a kind of a literary chap in his way and he used to have a sign over the door of the office—

*Hail holy light,
Offspring of heaven first-born.
Milton.*

We boys in the works never knew who "Milton" was, but we allowed he must have been some fellow that had been in the electric lighting business too.

"Everything sailed along beautifully for nearly a year. The superintendent was making a good thing out of the business, besides getting more and more influential every day. Then he made the mistake of his life. He fell in love.

"There's no possible accounting for a man's actions after he does that. I'd sooner bet on the "Jack" in three-card monte than try to tell what fool thing a man will do next when he's in love.

"There's Solomon. He tried it two or three hundred times and found it a failure every time. It was just the same with our superintendent. He forgot business, lost his enterprise, took no interest in anything. She was the daughter of one of our leading stockholders, I heard the boys say, and it was just pitiful to see the boss moping and sighing 'round the office when he might have been out using the talents the Lord had given him in negotiating the sale of watered stock. In the evenings when he had to stay at the works he used to sit and look at the wires and the Edison machines in a kind of longing way, as though he wished he could follow the current out over the line to her house. One night she made some mention to him of the annoying way the lights had of going out at times, and instead of taking the hint at once, as any sensible man would have done if he hadn't been in love, he came down to the works the next morning and swore that if by any fluke that current was let down after this, even for ten seconds, he'd fire every man in the plant the next day if he had to run the whole shebang himself. But the boys didn't hold any grudge against him for saying this, knowing he wasn't responsible.

"Well, things went on from bad to worse with the superintendent. Meanwhile the quality of light we gave the public went from bad to better. He had lost all track of what was going on in the business world of New Paradise. He never went down to the exchange any more; scarcely read the *Daily Terror* that came to the office every morning. He might just as well have lived in Windville for all he knew of what was going on.

"You see that's how it was that he didn't know anything about the great movement that was on foot to get a party of Boston capitalists who were coming out on a trip through that country to locate a big canned goods factory in New Paradise. The whole place was right up on its toes about it. It was the chance of a lifetime for the town, and it meant bringing a cool half

million and possibly another railroad into the burg. What made it more interesting, was that Windville had a fighting chance for the factory too, because it had water-power and a less corruptible Board of Public Works. If you'd asked any man in New Paradise, except our superintendent, about the relative importance of the rising of the sun and the visit of those capitalists, he wouldn't have hesitated a moment in deciding. The whole program had been arranged by a committee. Those unshorn sheep from Boston were to get in on an evening train, and were to be given a dinner at the Commonwealth Hotel, after which they were to be taken to the Board of Trade Hall, where there was to be a monster mass meeting, and speeches, and words of welcome and oratorical fireworks on the advantages of New Paradise. The next day they were to be taken around in carriages and shown the town and sites for the factory. You may think it was a queer way to receive a party of close-fisted business men, but the people of New Paradise thought they knew enough of human nature to know that a little *ayclaw* never hurts any occasion.

"Just two mornings before the capitalists were due, the superintendent came down to the works with a smile on his face that made it look like twenty arc lights.

"It was easy to see what had happened. He sent out and got three boxes of 'Henry Clays,' and passed them around when he asked the boys to congratulate him. He was so happy that I had to watch him for fear, in his absent-minded joy, he would rub up against one of the open switches and complete a thousand-volt circuit through his back-bone. That just shows how he acted when the girl accepted him. I began to hope though that he'd settle down now, and be a sane man again. The next morning he came down with a thoughtful expression on his face, and I noticed he had a talk with the other dynamo-man—the one who had the evening watch.

"That night the capitalists got in on schedule time and were taken in hand by the committee, and put through the dinner without a hitch in the program. By that time every one was on pins and needles for fear something would go wrong. The whole resident male population was crowded, a respectful awe-

inspired mass, into the Board of Trade Hall. The capitalists were given seats on the platform, and the chairman stood up and rapped for order. He had just begun his remarks of welcome, and was doing the subject up in style, when suddenly, without any warning, every light in the room went out. There was a confused roar of angry comments and suggestions, and at last two or three citizens piled out of the dark hall and down to the electric light station to get those lights going, or know the reason why. You see the superintendent had calculated that at about nine-thirty that evening he would be making a call somewhere where it would be to his advantage to have as little light as possible, and he had instructed the dynamo-man accordingly. So it didn't make any difference how forcible the demands of that committee of citizens were, the superintendent's orders had to be obeyed. They stormed and swore about the office and the dynamo-man listened to them attentively and politely, but declined to close the switch until the two hours that it had been ordered open for had expired. Meanwhile the capitalists sat for three-quarters of an hour in the dark, then got up and started with the reception committee for the hotel. When they got out on the street everything was dark as a pocket there, and the hotel when they reached it was darker still. Well, the upshot of it was that they left the town in disgust on a late train that night.

"A week later, when it came out in the *Terror* that Windville had gotten the factory, a howling mob formed in the court-house square and started out to make a little investigation into the superintendent's case. But they didn't find him. He had gotten a private telegram from Windville the day before and had quietly packed up a valise full of bonds and securities and dropped over into Idaho with the share-holder's daughter.

"I was downright sorry about it all. It seemed such a shame for a woman to spoil all a man's talents that way."

* * * * *

The dynamo-man finished his recital and shook his head gloomily. The engineer looked at him for a long time with a deep air of admiration.

"Did you ever hear of a gentleman by the name of Munchausen?" he asked reflectively.

"No," answered the dynamo-man, "I never did. Could he run machines like our superintendent?"

John Hamilton Thacher.

AT a meeting of the Princeton Club of Denver, held May 18th, 1894, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, God, in his infinite wisdom, has removed from our midst Walter C. Dohm, of the class of '90, now therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death our *Alma Mater* has lost a beloved son, and this club one upon whom it counted as a firm supporter ; one who has endeared himself to us by his manly bearing and his untiring support of Princeton. That we shall ever cherish our remembrance of him as one who, in manly sports, was a leader among us, who as a friend was faithful, and as a man upright and brave ; and further, be it

Resolved, That we, the Princeton Club of Denver, Colorado, do hereby extend to the bereaved wife and family our sincere sympathy ; and furthermore, be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in *The Denver Republican*, *Princetonian* and *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*.

J. FRANK ADAMS,
FREDERICK S. TITSWORTH,
Committee.

EDITORIAL.

WE WISH to urge upon those who contemplate trying for the Lit. the advisability of doing work during the summer. The college term is the period for reflection and study. The summer vacation is the time for observation. It is during this season that we encounter new experiences, get into touch once more with the outside world and acquire new views. Therefore there can be no better time to gather materials for literary effort than when we are enjoying from day to day the suggestion and stimulus of that world of which we write, but from which we are for a great part of the year somewhat isolated. It has been a time-honored custom to call attention in the June number to the delinquencies of the Junior Class in the matter of contributions. We had intended to dispense with this custom if possible, but we regret to say that the fact that only three members of the Class of Ninety-six have exhibited any activity towards the LIT. renders the matter a necessary subject for remark. We will merely express a hope that this indifference will be outgrown during the coming year.

It is during the Junior year that the college looks to a class to individualize itself in a literary way. It should be as much a matter of pride with a class that it should be well represented on the college literary publications as on the athletic field. If this is borne in mind, we feel sure that not only the class of ninety-six, but also those members of the class of ninety-seven who have any leaning toward this kind of work, will put forth their best effort during the next few months and the succeeding college year.

THE TRACK ATHLETIC FIASCO IN PRINCETON.

THE unfortunate outcome of this season in track athletics brings before us more strongly than ever the deplorable

status into which this branch of athletics has fallen. Although this has been partly due to circumstances, the necessity of some radical change in this department has become manifest to all.

It is well to face the facts exactly as they are. Here is a form of athletics possessing all the inherent attributes of a manly, vigorous sport; an exercise that is free from many of the rougher and more objectionable qualities of foot-ball and base-ball, at the same time requiring just as much the possession of that most admirable of all qualities in sport—determination. It is the only form of athletics beside rowing in which international competition is possible. It is a department of athletics in which we profess to compete on equal footing with the other large colleges, a "varsity" organization in every sense of the term. Yet in spite of these facts it occupies a position so subordinate that it would be a safe assertion to say that the majority of the undergraduates do not even know who compose the track teams or what success they have met with in competition. It was a significant fact that after the dual games with Columbia a large proportion of the college was not aware of the outcome. Recently a visitor from Princeton at New Haven found it difficult to explain the exact position that track athletics occupy here. In Yale, as in Harvard and Pennsylvania, there is as much enthusiasm manifested in this department of athletics as in base-ball. In this display of interest lies the secret of their success.

It has been demonstrated over and over again, that no matter how conscientiously a team may train, or how earnestly the captain and trainer may work, all will be of no avail without the *moral support* of the college.

Every man should feel that the development and success of the track team depends upon his personal attitude toward it.

All effort without this is merely artificial.

There is in reality no reason why Princeton should not be as successful in the sphere of track athletics as in foot-ball or base-ball. It rests entirely with the undergraduates whether we are to continue to be ranked below the smaller colleges or are to take a position, as we should, with Yale and Harvard.

GOSSIP.

They hung me on the fence to dry
The day we played base-ball — *Old Song.*

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years. — *Byron.*

"A young man will be wiser by an by." — *Tennyson.*

"WELL," sighed the kettle, as the Gossip drew up his chair for the second time, "did you 'cut any ice' last month?"

The Gossip looked up in surprise. "What are you going to spring now, a 'batch' of college slang?"

"Look here," went on the kettle, "do you presume for a moment that I have been here all these years and haven't gotten on to that game? It's all you people do, 'Fruits,' 'Sports' and 'Pollers,' from the time you growlingly crawl out of bed, at five minutes of eight, until you turn-in again at"—here he wheezed out an air which reminded one rather forcibly of "You must ask of the man in the moon."

"By the way," he continued, "have you 'pinched dances for the 'Soph. Recep.' with any 'Queens' yet? That young Freshman who goes around as if he hadn't a friend in the world—you know who I mean—the fellow that's so 'full of prunes'—well, he's getting 'blamed' popular with the fellows now-a-days—has a 'beaut punkin' who's a 'winner,' and the fellows are 'dead crazy' to make a 'tear' with her—had her up at the dramatics, you know."

"Cut it short," gasped the Gossip, not knowing how much more of a repertoire the kettle possessed. "You're A 1, first group. 'Spiel' up to the head, and incidentally—why don't you 'fuss a batch' in making up a new lexicon?"

"There you go again," retorted the kettle. "If I'm a fit subject for 'first group' you fellows would mostly be crowded out, for you couldn't all be professors."

"Talk sense," pleaded the Gossip. "Large and square?" broke in the kettle. But the Gossip blew out the lamp, and with a lingering "Right" the kettle was hushed.

It's funny what a peculiar charm there is in a sweet-briar pipe, filled with mild and equally sweet tobacco. As one sits back, and sees the clouds of smoke go curling up toward the ceiling, there steals over the smoker a quiet feeling of repose and a sense of companionship in the filmy wreaths of smoke as they gradually grow thinner and thinner

and rise upward and finally disperse in the atmosphere of the room. You may talk about your meerschaums of dainty and elaborate carving, with perfect amber mouthpieces, *et al.*, but when you come right down to it, there's nothing like a homely little briar pipe.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and so the feelings of the meerschaum-pipe smoker might be analyzed. One little slip and the pipe goes tumbling to the floor, and all is over. Ask him to show you his pet, and his first remark is, "Don't put your fingers on the meerschaum part, or it won't color right." And all the time you are examining it he wonders how long it will be before you drop it, or forget his warning and grab the bowl firmly in your fingers.

But the little briar—it's always your own. No one cares to see it. Drop it, handle it, do as you please, it always remains the same modest little briar, with no gaudy morocco leather case of plush lining, but when its duty has been performed slips quietly back into your coat or hip pocket—scent our clothes, you say? As Sportner said, "we ought to wear corduroys" and never mind.

"Ya-a-a-a!" and as the shout goes up hundreds of scurrying feet rush toward the Princetonian bulletin. The Gossip catches the spirit of the moment, and bolts out regardless of a total absence of hat. He collides with the beaming countenance of an excited and breathless little Freshman. "Nothing to nothing, third inning; we'll lick 'em yet, old man!" There it was, sure enough, 0 to 0, and, as little Tug might say, "nobody ahead." And so we wait—not always patiently, but always anxiously—for the news, as the nine on whom we put our trust, and incidentally, if we are real "sports," our bets, make runs, or perhaps, errors, our hopes rising and then falling as one or the other is recorded. And then when news of the ninth inning is received, what tumultuous feelings of joy mingled with fear we experience as the fatal chalk scrapes over the board! And if it comes out as it should, pandemonium is not "in it," and you do feel so glad that you came to Princeton. But if things are not just as they should be, why—well, almost everybody has "polling" to do during these final exams, which must be attended to, you know.

There's no place like Princeton on one of those gloriously hot June days when the town puts on her holiday attire preparatory to a big baseball game with Yale or Harvard. All along quaint old Nassau street, on the buildings and in the shop windows, the orange and black is displayed. The street itself is filled with a happy, pleasure-seeking, sight-seeing crowd, strangers and natives. In front of the Nassau Hotel you see a group of college men standing, talking over the chances of the game and the best odds to give or take. Across the street, opposite the Dean's house, is a party of out-of-town girls with their chaperone and a contingent of fellows showing them about and ready to expatiate at length on the beauties of our campus and buildings and why it is that every fellow ought to come here to college in preference to any other.

And then there's the "Inn," with its gorgeous new sign-board informing the wayfarer of the nature of the handsome hostelry that lies imbedded among the great Norway pines. The broad piazza is filled with an array of pretty girls, their mammas and their big brothers and friends, who have asked them up to see the game and attend the dance. Everybody is talking, and one of the girls "does so hope Princeton will win, because she does dote on orange and black as a combination." Then there is one pretty little brunette who looks as if she might have stepped out of a Redfern pattern-plate, who says she thinks it would be a horrid shame if Princeton lost, because she did meet such a lovely Princeton fellow last summer up in the mountains, and—well, there's the cosy little grill-room down-stairs, with its etchings and photographs all hung about the walls. Its curious and variegated steins arranged around the shelf above the wainscoting, and at the little tables, chatting over their cocktails, beers and sodas, are all the old boys who were here in those good old days of '67, '74, '82, *et al*, even to the old graduate of '83, for you'll find him there feeling just as young as the rest of them.

Then comes the game itself, but it can't be described. One has to see it to know what it is, with its cheering, excited, yelling and howling mass of fellows packed on the bleachers, and the gay parasols, fans and summer dresses of the girls in the grand-stand.

Ah, these are "slick," "out-o-sight" times, as the kettle might say (had he not been hushed), and we all love them.

But they're pretty nearly over now. A few more days will pass, and then we'll have to bid one another farewell. To some the farewell will be of but three brief summer months duration, while to others—"Well, dash it!" as Sportner says, "will a fellow be prevented from coming back to Princeton again simply because he's a graduate?"

Yes, you can, and must, and will come back, and so to one and all, simply *au revoir*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"The little fleas that do us tease
Have other fleas to bite 'em,
And those in turn have other fleas,
And so on *ad infinitum*."—*Swift*.

"Hang sorrow, care would kill a cat; and therefore let's be merry."—*Shak.*

SPRING—sprang—sprung! Sprung a leak! That's just the aggravating truth about things. Spring comes, with its swelling buds and blooming flowers, its blue sky and chirping birds, its verdant campus and duck trousers. We lazily stroll out beneath the shade of an ancient elm and throw ourselves down on the green, light our pipes, and are prepared for a systematic loaf, mentally placing at the tiptop of the calendar, for solid enjoyment, that best of all the seasons, Spring—when the sky suddenly springs a leak, and it doth behoove each thinly-clad youth to betake himself with all seemly haste to the kindly shelter of his room if he would escape the dampsome effect on his ducks of that selfsame leak the Spring has sprung on us. All which only emphasizes the general principle over which the Table has now been cogitating for several minutes—that every silver lining has its cloud. Of course, it is mostly silver lining, but the cloud is there if you only search for it diligently enough. In proof of which, look you at the college year. On first thought it seems one long song of joy—yet there are the examinations. Gentle reader (notice the singular—there is one yet), did you ever attempt to do the tight-rope act over Niagara, at the same time endeavoring to thread a needle? Possibly you got across, but if you didn't stick the point of the needle into your fingers several times, and finally lose the thread to boot, before you reached that distant shore, it is because you are accustomed to sewing on your own buttons. Now, that is a situation analogous to the one in which the ancient Table finds itself this month of roses and examinations. And if he escapes the swirling waters of conditions this effusion may yet see the light. So here we have found one cloudy blot on our silver lining. But the lining is by far the bigger, and the Table is consoled. For if the small town muckers are something of a pest to the "stugents," we doubt not they, too, "have other fleas to bite 'em." And so, too, if I did flunk on that exam. to-day, that prof. will have to scratch his head sundry times before he wades through those chirographic attempts of mine; which again upholds the "*ad infinitum*" doctrine.

A striking resemblance, the Table has noticed, is traceable between much of the college literature and our college boarding-house biscuits—both are frequently *sad*. Of all places a college is the last one where the

sad-eyed youth should find a function. However excellent a story or poem may be in its execution, if its tone tends to the sombre and pessimistic, better it had never been written. Its influence is bad. So let us be joyful.

In this connection the best thing among the exchanges that the Table has seen this month is a character sketch by F. W. Memmott, in the *Williams Lit.*, which the author calls "My Friend, the Pessimist." We consider this the best of the month, because of its clear delineation of character, happiness of expression, but above all on account of its healthful tone. The *Williams* is bright all the way through. "Folklore and Literature" is a short paper tracing the close relations of the two themes, especially the dependence of the latter upon the former for both inspiration and material. "Willis' Vacation" sketches in an amusing vein, an outing after the "roughing it" fashion, where one man does all the work and the other does all the loafing.

The balmy days of spring are bringing their full quota of spring verse, much of it most delightful, some depressing. It is interesting to observe the different effect of the approach of warmer days on different writers. One looks out upon the returning seasons only to see the ceaseless circle of events and heave a sigh of sorrow at the return of "tollsome task and pain" with the returning seasons. For example in the *May Wesleyan Lit.*, notice Frederic L. Knowles'

A MOOD OF RESTLESS SPRING.

The slow days pass; the sunshine and the rain,
The tollsome task the pain.
The weary nights when silence longs for speech—
They vanish each by each.
Day, night, eve, morrow, waking hours and sleep,
Their long succession keep.
We sow our little fields and reap—and die;
Still binds the baffling sky
Above our toil—our graves; makes no disclosure,
Still holds its proud composure.
The ordered march goes on—the punctual years—
Health, harvest, laughter, tears.
There are who say that in a distant clime
Above our space, our time,
In pathless lands beyond a shoreless sea,
Heaven joins the worlds that be.
Clasp close the hope, and yet from heaven or hell
Has one come back to tell?
We only *know* that pain shall some day cease
In death's deep dreamless peace.
Meanwhile here is our earth, and here—To-day;
And Spring has given us May.

Another ("K." in the same magazine), happy in the gladsome present, throws himself into the spirit of the hour with a merry abandon—

A DITTY FOR MAY.

April's a coquette, March a churl,
 June's a prodigal all can see;
May is a modest and winsome girl,
 May is the month of months for me.
 Hey! and ho! for the twitter and twirl,
 Hints that are hanging from every tree,
 Song of mavis and song of merle,
 Nests that hide where you shall not see;
 Winter, who came with a swish and swirl—
 Bluff old fool of a white-beard he—
 Now lies slain with the smile of a girl;
May is the month of months for me.

The promptness and regularity of issue of the *Yale Lit.* are most commendable. The May number is up to its usually high standard in the essay line, but shows little in the way of stories and sketches; the verse is fair. Among the noteworthy contents is an essay by Roger S. Baldwin, entitled "An American Corinne," which is a comparison of Madame de Stael and our own Margaret Fuller, entertaining but perhaps somewhat indiscriminately eulogistic. Chauncey Wetmore Wells again favors us with a charming record of the stage, this time on the "Modern Light Opera." The paper brings out in a most realistic manner the wit and drollery and good-natured satire of the Gilbert and Sullivan stamp of comic opera, and one longs to hear again the harmonious strains and sweet melody of that most popular of light operas, "The Mikado." The Junior Prize Oration, by Clement George Clarke, is published. Perhaps the best verse of the number is "A. P. N.'s"—

IN BRAVER DAYS.

" Kind sirs, I've drunk to each man's toast,
 And glad's my heart, that all can boast
 Of maids so dear and rare!
 I love a lass, whose modest grace,
 Whose queenly form and lovely face
 Defy the limner's brush to trace!
 Here's to that maid most fair!"

" Nay, nay, I shall not drink to her,
 Who'er she be; because, brave sir,
 Her beauty can't surpass
 The charms of one I love! I deem
 Thine may be fair, but Poets dream
 Of such as mine—a noble theme!
 I'd die, sir, for my lass!"

At dawn to the appointed place,
 Each came, to prove his lady's grace
 Or die—such honor's duty!
 Their weapons drawn; a moment's wait;
 They put them back—e'er 'twas too late,
 Since both, in their appeal to Fate,
 Swore by my Granddame's beauty!

The *Harvard Advocate* is always entertaining. Making the catchy, short story its especial field, one is always sure to find it a pleasant companion with which to while away an evening. The May numbers contain good stories of this character, perhaps the best being "Between Two Fires," an amusing incident of the World's Fair. The best verse is by Treadwell Cleveland, Jr., entitled "Lines to a Ruined Fountain," too long to quote.

The Table has just devoted the better part of a half day to a careful perusal of the *Amherst Lit.*, and he feels amply repaid for the time spent. "When the Evil Days Come," by William J. Boardman, seems to the Editor the best thing of the number. In this story Mr. Boardman has handled a difficult subject with admirable results. "An Incident of the Strike" is amusing and well told. The plot, however, seems rather trivial for an eleven-page story. The essays are light, while the poetry is the weakest side of this month's *Amherst*.

The most ambitious poem of the month is "Heart Chords," by H. G. McClellan, in the *Brown Magazine*. We only regret that its beauty is marred by the careless insertion of one syllable too many in one of the verses. Space forbids its quotation. In a lighter vein is—

WALTZ SONG.

"LOVE'S DREAMLAND."

With gentle cadence falling,
 Slow the music breaketh,
 Happy hours recalling,
 As it sinks to rest.
 And hushed the merry laughter,
 That no longer maketh
 Dusty beams and rafters
 Ring with merry jest.
 One more measure
 Yet remaineth,
 Fleeting pleasure
 Still it deigneth.
 Tones enchanting,
 Ever haunting,
 Echo in each breast.

Through life thus dancing, singing,
 Care to dulleards flinging,
 Joy and laughter bringing
 Would I gaily leap.
 And when with frown unbending,
 Old age is slow descending,
 As soft as music's ending
 Would I sink to sleep.

"Boum-Boum" is a graceful translation of a touching passage from the French of J. Charette. Of "Etchings," "A Glimpse of the Catskills" is a charming bit of description. "A Professional Story" is a gracefully-executed tale—the best of the number—based on a somewhat hackneyed plot, whose only flaw is a slight improbability evident on close observation.

The *Oxford Magazine* is published weekly, and combines the functions of a newspaper with those of a review. Little attempt is made at literary production aside from an occasional poem or a sketch of local university interest. Commendable enterprise is shown by the issue of a special extra number, "For the Eight Week," on May 17th. This contains a double-page colored map of the River Isis, showing the university racing course at Oxford.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* for April, whose late arrival prevented notice in last issue, contains a story, "The Mercy of God," which is one of the most striking things of its kind the Table has read for many a day. The story is of a madman, and the description is so well sustained as to continually border on the frightful. In general the madman story is hardly such as we love to linger over. The contemplation of the daft, especially of the violently daft, is scarcely an occupation to inspire the youthful mind. But for all that the present story is too good to lose, so very skillfully is the picture portrayed. Malcolm Taylor's paper on "Was the Revolution a Puritan Movement," written for the purpose of controverting Mr. Douglas Campbell's position affirming the movement as Puritan, is an able and dispassionate discussion of the subject. Whatever one may think as to the writer's conclusions on the main subject under discussion, the Table is pleased to note an opinion concerning Mr. Goldwin Smith's recent history so closely coinciding with that reached by himself on reading Mr. Smith's book on its appearance last fall. The sentiment is so well put that we quote it:

"Mr. Goldwin Smith may attribute the zeal and eloquence of the Revolutionary leaders to selfish motives and call their enthusiasm a piece of 'fine acting', while in their private life they showed different principles; he may state that the people had no desire for independence, and were wrought upon by these 'scheming men'—and perhaps this will be comforting to some of his English readers—but he offers no explanation why such a peaceful-minded people should have borne the hardships of a seven years' war, and been successful against the trained soldiers of a powerful nation. The leaders who could work such a transformation must have been wizards indeed."

The table of contents of the May *Wellesley Magazine* is certainly attractive; our only regret is that on closer inspection we find the number made up largely by graduates. Of the twelve contributions, but four are indicated as from undergraduates, five being acknowledged as by graduates and three unindicated. As we had occasion to remark last month, we now repeat that we believe it to be the function of the college magazine to develop the literary ability of the *undergraduates*, and the bulk of the contents should come from them. An occasional contribution from

a graduate may do no harm (although better none at all), but in the main the college magazine belongs to those yet in college.

In comparison with the work of the *Alumnæ* that of the *Undergraduates* must necessarily suffer; moreover, such comparison is unfair. We shall, therefore, confine our criticism to the *Undergraduate* productions. A noteworthy sketch is "A Baby." It is a sad little tale of the good-always-die-young genus, but showing ability for character sketching which we hope to see developed further in the three years of college life yet before the writer. Of the verse we clip—

THE SONG OF THE LOTUS.

Sleepily, sleepily,
Swaying and shifting
Drowsily, drowsily,
Nodding and drifting.
Odors of spicy balms,
Shadows of Eastern palms,
Cobwebs of phantasy,
Twining and twisting.
Out of a melody
Into the numbers—
The river's full bosom
Beneath thee is swelling
With passion's desire,
Out of the East from
His full-orbed dwelling
Flings the moon-lover
His passion's pure fire.

The *Smith College Monthly* pursues the same policy as that of the *Wellesley*, the May number being especially noticeable for contributions from *Alumnæ*. Of the thirty-five pages, twenty-two are consumed by a story from an alumna of six years' standing. As to the story itself, we say nothing derogatory—we have not read it—but we do maintain that such contributions as "The Unearned Increment in Literature," by E. M. Hawkes (whom we take to be an undergraduate, nothing to the contrary being acknowledged) is abundant evidence that the *Smith* undergraduates are entirely competent to put forth an excellent amateur magazine without assistance from their elder sisters. The Table believes this to be the proper attitude with respect to the question. Is there any more reason for having our graduates help us in our College literary work, than on the athletic field? And yet "professionalism" is the bane of that otherwise salutary department of modern undergraduate life.

BOOK TALK.

" Oh, for a booke and a shadie nooke,
 Eyther in doore or out;
 With the grene leaves whispering overhead,
 Or the streete cryes all about,
 Where I maie reade, all at my ease,
 Both of the newe and olde;
 For a jolly goode booke wherem to looke
 Is better to me than golde."

—*Old English Song*

" Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not critics to their judgments, too? "

—*Pope.*

"Criticism has but one right," says Victor Hugo, "the right to be silent." Perhaps it might be a good thing for us if some of our modern critics would make use of this exclusive privilege and cease to ventilate their views on men and books to the extent they do. Perhaps, also, Wordsworth was not so very far wrong, when he wished to abolish critics as creatures unfit to live. And yet we must recognize the fact that criticism is almost as distinctive a feature of the literature of to-day as was the drama of the time of Elizabeth. This is true of France as well, says a recent French writer; for the ages of lyric poetry and of romance have passed away, and no longer does a Lamartine or a Hugo or a Balzac dominate the literature of the time, but rather a Taine and a Renan. And yet, because we realize that the tendency of the age is towards criticism, we should not, on that account, feel that our literature is in any sense degenerating, for we know that the true function of criticism is, as Matthew Arnold would say, "To propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," and that it is valuable only so far as it reveals the originality and talent of the critic.

The trouble with a great many people is, that they honestly think that criticism is synonymous with "finding fault." They forget that there are two ways of looking at the something—what to one man's mind appears almost ideal, may to another's lose all its beauty and symmetry. Pope was right when he said—

" A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 In the same spirit that its author writ."

Perhaps Taine's greatest defect lies in the fact that he finds too much fault; but at the same time we must remember that he is a Frenchman and looks at things through a Frenchman's eyes. After all, his view may have as much an element of truth in it as ours.

There is still another fault about modern criticism—a fault which is probably a great deal worse than the first, because it goes so far to the other extreme as to make the critic ridiculous in the eyes of his readers (that is, of course, if he have any readers; which I very much doubt). I mean the indiscriminate praise with which so many of our so-called "Critical Reviews" are overloaded. They seem to think

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in't;"

and that it is therefore the critic's solemn duty to laud it to the skies, regardless of what he thinks. The probability is that he doesn't think at all. It must, therefore, be distinctly understood that when we choose to call this the age of literary criticism, we have no reference whatever to the childish twaddle of these "Critical Reviews." To speak very plainly, these reviews are merely advertisements of the latest publications. They are about as instructive to the average reader as are those learned discussions which exhibit such a marvelous waste of time and energy in the wild endeavor to prove that Bacon wrote not only the *Faerie Queene* and the *Anatomy of Melancholy* but all of Shakespeare as well.

Within the last few years, however, there has appeared a style of criticism which is going to do a great deal of good, simply because it is bound to be read and enjoyed by the reading public at large. I mean criticism of the lighter sort—criticism on current literature, which is perfectly honest and frank in its methods and which is more in the nature of a running comment on men and books with none of that indiscriminate praise or cynical fault-finding with which our literature is flooded. For instance, read the articles which have appeared in *Life*, by Mr. Robert Bridges, and which have just been collected in that most delightful of books, *Overheard in Arcady*. They are characterized by a "quiet, gentle humor, full of good-will and sunshine," honest good sense, and a deal of information in a compact form, which we unconsciously absorb while we read. All these sketches go to show that the real home of romance is in the soul of man—not in places or associations, but in the man which made the places known to others. Personality, after all, is what counts. For instance, we may not enjoy Zola, but in reading him we get a picture of a man—an immoral man, perhaps, but a man nevertheless—and if for no other reason, his books should be read for this. The kindly, genial tone in which Mr. Bridges touches on an author's faults, and the hearty praise and appreciation he has for their merits, delight us, and we feel we know more of the critic for having read his criticisms. Here, at least, we cannot fail to realize that criticism is valuable only so far as it reveals the originality and talent of the critic.

If this is true of lighter criticism it is very much more true of those critical works which are sure to spring up around a great personality. This tendency of the age is nowhere better exemplified than in the

numerous books which have centered about Tennyson. Perhaps one of the best volumes which have been written about the late Laureate of England is the one which the Critic has just finished reading.* It has become painfully evident lately that there has been altogether too much indiscriminate praise of Tennyson, and it is a relief to find a writer whose criticisms are so eminently just as those of Mr. Brooke; for he has detected in the poetry of Tennyson many of those traits which escape most contemporary critics, such as limitations in his sympathies and defects in his art. As Mr. Brooke says, Tennyson could not write "as Browning wrote, of Italy, of Spain, of France, of modern Greece, of men and women's lives away from England. He never became international." Yet he was closer to the life of his own people than any other poet since Shakespeare; and while Pope may have portrayed distinct classes of society or come closer to distinct phases of thought, Tennyson reaches all classes and their interests. He did not, like Keats, go to Athens and Florence and, living in an alien age, forget his own time. In the words of Mr. Brooke, he "said to Ulysses and Arthur, 'come down from the ancient days and live with me here in England!' And they came and did their best to wear the modern dress." He is the poet of the people in so far as his poetry has to do with Nature and God and the sweet, honest and tender life of men and women, but in social matters he is very far from being the poet of the people. He was behind the times in this; he never kept in touch with the great throbbing political life which has stirred the souls of many of England's greatest poets. Tennyson's clearness and simplicity are his greatest charm. "The lamp of learning which he held in his hand burnt with a bright, keen and glowing flame." He always had a deep consciousness of his own individuality in that he believed himself endowed with the power to proclaim truth and beauty; and as we read *In Memoriam* we cannot fail to see behind it all the Christian man, ever fighting in defense of the doctrine of immortality.

Seldom has the Critic found a book so entirely satisfactory as this, for Mr. Brooke says exactly what he thinks; he is absolutely independent. He looks at both faults and merits, and weighs them justly, and we find his scanty blame as authoritative as his heartiest praise. And when at last we have finished his book we feel that we have seen in the critic a great and fascinating personality, who has made us to live "in a large and varied world, with its own landscape and its own indwellers; no transient world, reflecting, as in a bubble of air, the passions and follies, the tendencies and the knowledge of the hour, but a solid sphere built slowly during a lifetime into form."

Whatever Tennyson was, he was not a pessimist. It is a great thing in these days to find a poet who is not a devotee of what has been called the "literature of despair," and it is a still better thing for England that her greatest writer of purely idyllic verse should have

*"Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life," By Stopford A. Brooke. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

been free from all that is morbid and melancholy. It is this same healthy tone which pervades the work of our own Dr. Holmes. As Lowell once laughingly said :

" There's a Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit,
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit."

It is for this reason that we speak of the "genial Holmes;" there is nothing malignant in what he writes. Though the comic element predominates in his poetry, there is much that is tragic in his novels, as in *Elsie Venner*, and we must read both in order to fully appreciate his versatility. Douglas Jerrold once said, "He has touched alike the springs of laughter and the source of tears." These thoughts were suggested to the Critic by a perusal of a volume* on Dr. Holmes, which has just been published. It is an appreciative work rather than a biography, and, being written by an Englishman, should carry all the more weight. So thoroughly does Mr. Jerrold enter into the spirit of his work that we come to know Dr. Holmes the better because of his kindly critic. And yet, though Mr. Jerrold's quotations are always apt, we feel that he has overdone it; there are too many of them; for in some places his style lacks the easy flow it might have had were there fewer references sprinkled through the book. At any rate, when we have read it, we have gained a clearer insight into the life of a man who thought and believed for himself, and let no dogma or creed think and believe for him; a man who, as poet, autocrat, teacher, doctor and novelist, is the last leaf of that splendid New England tree which will live in the memory of the American people for all time.

The great trouble with Dr. Holmes' novels is that they were written for a purpose—a moral is pointed at the expense of the art. No doubt Mr. Crawford would object to them on this ground, and perhaps he would be right. However, they have none of the flavor of the Sunday-school book, where the bad little boys who go fishing on Sunday are invariably drowned. Dr. Holmes' novels may do some good; the Sunday-school books at least will do no harm, because sensible boys never read them. But speaking of Mr. Crawford, the Critic has been reading a book† of short stories by him, which is rather a disappointment after *Sant' Ilario* and *Mr. Isaacs*. The first of these stories, *The Upper Berth*, is so weird, so uncanny, so altogether inexplicable, that while it has in it the element of excitement, we are almost tempted to bring up the question of a healthy imagination. Yet Mr. Bridges has assured us that Mr. Crawford's books are healthy and wholesome if nothing else. We almost doubt this statement in this instance. Perhaps, however, it is the result of his rapid production of novels, for you must remember that Mr. Crawford, in his theory of the novel, lays down the dictum that

* "Oliver Wendell Holmes." By Walter Jerrold. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

† "The Upper Berth." By F. Marion Crawford. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

"Novel writing is a business." The other story in the book is called *By the Waters of Paradise*. Here we find something more natural, and though the style is perhaps a little diffuse, the descriptions in it are true to life and the occasional dashes of humor give to the story a brightness and cheeriness which contrasts strongly with the melancholy temperament of the hero. It is a great protest against pessimism and cynicism and moroseness. By its striking contrasts, by its keen analysis of the moods to which the mind is subject, it will tend to counteract the wave of pessimism too common among young writers to-day. We may be "ships that pass in the night," but with such books as this we feel we are not doomed to everlasting darkness and despair. Whatever Mr. Crawford's novels are, they at least contain reality and romance in just proportions; for a man may be a realist without being, like some writers, indecent; just as an artist, in order to paint a picture true to life is not of necessity compelled to discard clothes altogether, nor is the sculptor to be blamed because he fails to omit the fig-leaf.

And now that we have begun on the short stories, the Critic is reminded of the number of them which lie upon the table this month. Let us take up the first of these volumes*. We are immediately impressed with the writer's wide versatility—in fact such versatility is seldom seen to-day, in spite of the fact that our markets are flooded with short stories of every description. Perhaps the best in the book is the story of the *White Crown*. It shows an ideal condition—one probably never to be realized as long as human nature is as it is—and because of its very strangeness and weirdness, our interest is sustained to the end, for we are met with new surprises at every turn. In strength of climax and dramatic power it has the great merit of being original. As regards the *Semaphore*, another of the stories, the Critic does not feel justified in saying as much for its originality. The *Romance of the Faith*, though the language is somewhat unnatural (perhaps necessarily so on account of the story itself), reminds us of *Ben Hur*—not to press the comparison too far. Yet there are too many blood-stained knives and gaping wounds to render it altogether wholesome. Quite otherwise is a book† which the Critic has just finished reading. It is written in a delightfully fresh and natural style, bubbling over with honest good feeling, while the frank, open, humorous conversations are the book's greatest charm. The characters talk like real people, though they are often themselves most commonplace. The descriptions of barren, lonely western mining camps are interesting because they give us a good idea as to how very uninteresting these mining camps really are. We are deeply impressed with the utter dreariness of such hopeless existence. We are reminded somewhat of Bret Harte as we read; yet these stories will never attain that

* "The White Crown, and Other Stories." By Herbert D. Ward (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

† "In Exile, and Other Stories." By Mary Hallock Foote. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

degree of popularity which attended the *Luck of Roaring Camp* or the *Outcasts of Poker Flat*, for the one reason, if for no other, that they are too "spun out." We are moved to cry out with Pope:

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

And now for something quite different. There is always a sort of fascinating charm to the civilian in reading tales of army life. Especially is this the case when the stories come from the pen of such a gifted writer as Capt. Charles King; for "An Initial Experience" * is told in the same breezy style that has become so familiar to his readers. It is largely descriptive, and shows another aspect of this talented and versatile writer. Perhaps we had better not say too much of the other stories. The disappointment of finding only fourteen pages out of two hundred and fifty, by King, casts rather a sombre aspect over the rest of the book; and while Capt. King's name will do much to make the book sell, it is to be doubted whether the other stories would not appear to better advantage by themselves.

There is one thing, however, about Capt. King which has made him so deservedly popular, and that is the fact that he speaks from knowledge and experience, and intimate association with the places he describes. His stories of army life are realistic, but not in the wild and distorted sense that army stories usually are. In his new book† he has given us a truthful picture of cadet life, with all its stringent rules and rigid discipline—a much less romantic and "Military School-like" life than we are wont to think; while the dashes of humor and pathos add to the story a strong element of interest. In fact it reminds us much of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, though it does not bear the faintest resemblance to the unmitigated trash which some people choose to call *Harry's Career at Yale*. One thing, however, it might be well for us of Princeton to regard, and that is, the salutary effect which a little wholesome "guying" has upon the "plebes" at West Point. Of course most of us know that there is a great deal of difference between hazing and guying, though it must seem that some people's minds are incapable of discriminating between the two.

As I said above, Capt. King's greatest merit lies in the fact that he writes about the things he is familiar with. This is also eminently true of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and is undoubtedly one of the reasons why he has been so successful. It is certainly a relief to pick up one of his books after reading the varied attempts at short stories, such as the Critic has referred to above; for there is a satisfaction in feeling assured beforehand that something bright and interesting is to come.

* "An Initial Experience and Other Stories." Edited by Capt. Charles King. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

† "Cadet Days." By Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

Mr. Davis, as a certain English critic once said, shows us more of the social conditions of the time in twenty pages than many writers do in a whole volume. He is popular to-day, and is likely to continue popular, because, as Mr. Bridges says, "he is healthy and wholesome"; because he is an optimist—a great and noble exception to that large class of writers of whom it has been said that "writing is mostly left to the weak, who like to talk about their own emotions." In his latest book* he has given us a collection of the stories recently published in *Harper's Magazine*, containing, among others, *His Bad Angel*, which many people regard as his strongest work; though, for refreshing originality, the Critic prefers the *Exiles*. In the *Boy Orator of Zepata City*, Mr. Davis shows that he is a master of pathos as well as of humor. This book adds but another testimony to the truth of Mr. Bridges' statement—that Mr. Davis' stories have brought American fiction "out of the cold cellar of ill-regulated thought into the sunshine and open air."

And yet, in these days when the short story is taking such a place in popular taste (and with this fact the Critic fears his patient reader is already too well impressed), it is an agreeable surprise to find a writer who thinks it worth her while to conscientiously elaborate a more pretentious plot and pen a longer tale than is usually seen to-day. The Critic uses the word "conscientiously" advisedly, for it is the only word which describes this writer's work. To the careful, appreciative reader of *Donovan*, *The Knight Errant* and *We Two*, the most striking point of Edna Lyall's books is the consistency of her characters. *Donovan* is always true to his high ideals of honor (distorted though they may be at times) and to Erica Ræburn duty is ever paramount.

The newest book† by this authoress is no exception to her rule. "Doreen" is the same simple, unaffected nature, from the opening page to the last sentence of the book. We are troubled by no inconsistency, no chameleon-like changes of nature or habit, as is too often the case with the so-called novels of the day. And yet, as in all of Edna Lyall's books, there is at times an exalted, exaggerated idea of the duty which honor demands. It does not seem quite natural that a man, however human and hasty he may be, would break his engagement to a girl for whom he has waited five or six years, merely because she refused to explain an act which, notwithstanding its unpleasant appearance, she declared to be innocent. There is something decidedly amusing about it. After all, Edna Lyall's books are going to do a great deal of good, because you cannot read them without feeling the better for having done so. It is like opening a window and taking a deep breath of fresh June air; and you will find out, if you have not found it out already, that life is a pleasant thing, taken all in all, and that it is worth enjoying while it lasts.

*"The Exiles and Other Stories." By Richard Harding Davis (New York: Harper & Bros.)

†"Doreen." By Edna Lyall. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.)

And now, my patient reader, you have wandered with your modest friend, the Critic, among all sorts of scenes with all sorts of people. No doubt you are wearied with it all. But I am sure that before you depart on your summer vacation you will be glad to come back to our own quiet town, and sit down beneath the classic walls of old Princeton, with a man whom we all know and whom we all admire. If there is one thing about Prof. Bliss Perry's book* which will do you good, it is that the characters are perfectly natural—they talk and act like real people; and what is still better they are interesting people. The delicate, kindly, sympathetic humor which bubbles forth so spontaneously, would tell you, even if you did not already know it, that the stories are the product of a healthy imagination. We feel that the writer has traveled and observed, enjoying every minute of his time with a keen appreciation for all that is picturesque and romantic. Yet everything appears so real; we almost see the gentle flow of the river Ill on a summer night, or we are lost for a moment in memory, fascinated by the subtle charm which a great personality like Goethe can throw about the quaint old town of Sesenheim.

Now we find ourselves at Bar Harbor, or among the Berkshire Hills; now at Heidelberg, and now we wander among the hills and ivy-covered ruins of Alsace-Lorraine. Wherever we are, we breathe the fresh air amid wholesome surroundings and are glad that we live and are a part of it all. When you have read these stories, you will better appreciate the kindly criticism of Mr. Bridges in a recent number of *Life*. It will do no harm to quote part of it here. The work illustrates, he says, "that the young men who write American short stories are well equipped, observing and unprovincial—with the broad view that comes from health and experience; * * * and in whatever country the characters are placed, they show those kindly sentiments that make all decent people kin."

We may be thankful that we have such a man among us. What Princeton needs just now is a new literary impulse, something which will rouse us from the lethargy into which we have perhaps unconsciously sunk; and the Critic in his quiet way thinks we are going to get it.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS. By ALFRED BINET. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.)

In this essay the writer has shown that "psychological phenomena begin among the very lowest classes of beings; they are met with in every form of life from the simplest cellule to the most complicated organism. It is they that are the essential phenomena of life inherent in all protoplasm."

*"Salem Kittredge and Other Stories." By Bliss Perry. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

7,000 WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. By W. H. P. PHYFE. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The great popularity which the public has accorded this work within the past few years has prompted the author to publish it in a new and revised form. The present volume contains a supplement of 1,400 additional words, while it exhibits all the advantages of convenient and systematic arrangement which were characteristic of the first two editions.

AN UNOFFICIAL PATRIOT. By HELEN H. GARDENER. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

Another war novel; and like most war novels, it has its full quota of whistling bullets and dying shrieks. And yet, in spite of the fact that the conversation is so disconnected as to render the book ridiculous at times, it undoubtedly has in it a strong element of excitement which arouses our interest, even though it does not impress us as being the work of a great writer. The worst that can be said of it is that it is written for a purpose.

PREPARATORY GERMAN READER. By C. L. VAN DAKEL. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

The selections are of an historical nature; they are not taken from the popular fairy tales usually found in German readers. Such may not prove quite so amusing; they are certainly more instructive. Care has also been taken to present several of the best and most representative German lyrics. The book is copiously annotated.

THE DISEASES OF THE WILL. By T. H. RIBOT. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.)

This treatise on the will, by such an eminent representative of the New Psychology as M. Ribot, presents, as one might expect, the very latest conclusions of the science. The subject is treated in the spirit of evolution and according to the methods of genetic psychology; but as the author remarks, under another form—that of *dissolution*. The pathology of the will, almost necessarily, it would seem, demands the introduction of the problem of the Freedom of the Will; but as the author asserts, in the last analysis, the question is one of metaphysics—namely, whether there is an absolute beginning. He has therefore entirely excluded it from his scientific discussion. The book, which in size is scarcely more than a monograph, necessarily omits much of the minutiae of the subject, and is therefore interesting to the general reader as well as to the specialist. The use of historical cases, such as those of De Quincey and Coleridge, add to the interest of the book.

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

THE SHEN'S PIGTAIL. BY MR. M——. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE. BY JAMES DOUGLAS. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

JOINT METALLISM. BY ANSON PHELPS STOKES. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS. Selected and Edited by FRANCIS B. GUMMERE. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

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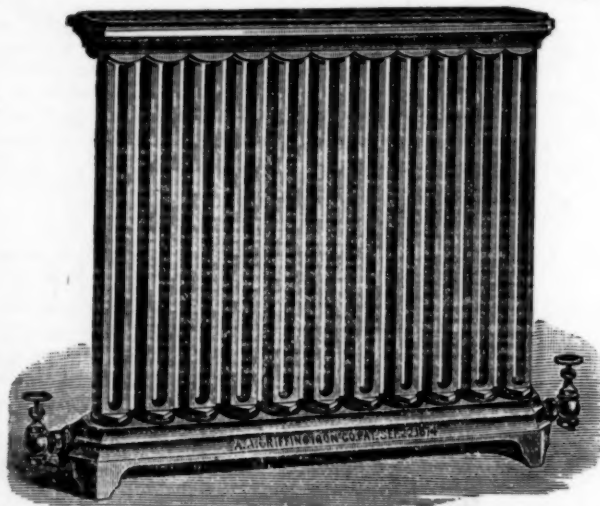
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